The Outlook

OCTOBER 27, 1915

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THE STORY OF THE WAR:
THE INVASION OF SERVIA

The double attack on Servia, by the German and Austrian army from the north and by Bulgaria from the southeast, is formidable and can be withstood only by quick and competent support from the Allies. Even if Servia is overrun by her enemies, however, it does not follow that the road to Constantinople is open. French, British, and Italian forces may attack Bulgaria and Turkey while Russia bombards the Bulgarian Black Sea ports—Varna and Burgas. Last week it was reported that the Allies had occupied Enos, a Turkish port on the Ægean, and it is thought that the large Italian expedition which sailed immediately after Italy declared war on Bulgaria (even yet, oddly enough, Italy is not at war with Germany) may be destined for Enos also. Meanwhile the Allies' forces which landed some time ago at Salonika, a Greek port, together with reinforcements landed at the same port, have moved northward, and last week a report, later questioned, said that this army had seized Strumitza, just over the Greek-Bulgarian frontier. It must be borne in mind that Greece, while perhaps entering a formal protest against the landing of these troops, has not seriously resented it. There is no resemblance whatever between the action of Germany in Belgium and that of the Allies in Greece. The German contention to this effect is without reason. When Greece took over Salonika after the Balkan wars, Servia consented only with the treaty agreement that Servia could use the railway from Salonika to Nish and Belgrade for the transportation of arms and troops in any war in which Greece was not involved. Greece still remains officially neutral.

The map on the next page shows that the strategy of the new Balkan war must center on the lines of the two great railways—one from Belgrade (Servia's old capital, now in German hands) south to Nish (Servia's new capital, perhaps already abandoned as a civic capital for a less exposed town), and thence south to Salonika; the other branching from the first and running southeast through Sofia (Bulgaria's capital) to Adrianople and Constantinople. Up to October 20 the situation was this: Servia, after brave and fierce resistance, had been driven south across the Danube by the Germans and Austrians, and its enemy had made some, but not great, progress along the Belgrade-Nish railway. Bulgaria had made two main attacks on Servia: the first, proceeding west from Sofia, temporarily gained its object of cutting the railway at Vranja, about fifty miles south of Nish, thus placing the Servians between two enemies, although later, it was said, the Servians drove the Bulgarians back from Vranja; the other offensive of the Bulgarians is to the northwest from Sofia along the Sofia-Nish railway; this attack has penetrated Servia at the town of Pirot and threatens Nish dangerously. Finally, the Allies are moving against Bulgaria as above indicated; but censorship still leaves much uncertainty as to this, and particularly as to the numbers and composition of the Allies' forces; those which landed at Enos seem to have come across by sea from the Gallipoli peninsula, and more may very likely be withdrawn from the Dardanelles campaign.

No doubt, as has been already pointed out in this narrative, Germany aims not only at Constantinople, but at England's power in Egypt and the East. The idea is stupendous, but its accomplishment, even if Constantinople is taken, is not to be easy.

And even if Germany, without a navy, and against English and French naval force, can demonstrate that land warfare is independent of sea warfare, and can afford the men and material for such a gigantic campaign, there is another element in this situation which must be reckoned with. By the terms of the Anglo-Japanese treaty the two countries agree to "the maintenance of the territorial rights of the contracting parties in the regions of eastern Asia and India and the defense of their special interests in the said regions." It is also specifically agreed that if "either high contracting party should be involved in war in defense of its territorial

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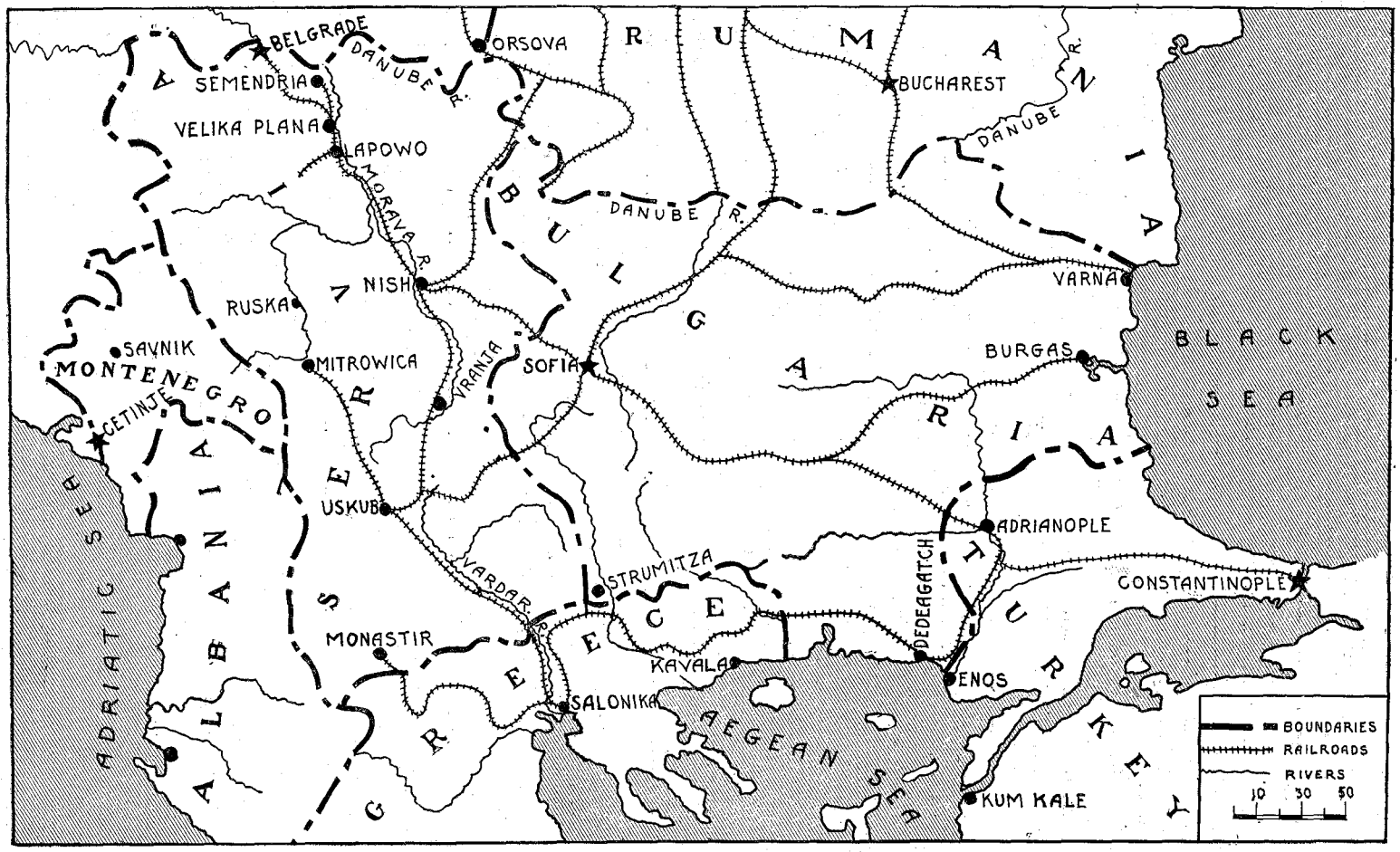

A WAR MAP OF THE BALKANS

The progress of the present campaign, the movements of the German-Austrian and Bulgarian armies against Servia, and the landing places of the forces of Great Britain and France, are described in the accompanying Story of the War

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rights or special interests" the other should come to its assistance and would "conduct the war in common and make peace in mutual agreement with it." The attempt on the part of Germany to seize the Suez Canal or seriously to threaten India would undoubtedly bring to the aid of England the highly trained and very efficient Japanese army of over half a million men. It is evident that the Japanese are not eager to send troops to Europe; but it is very certain that they would send troops with the greatest promptness to oppose German advance in the East.

OTHER PHASES OF THE WAR

The general situation in Russia did not materially change in the week ending October 20. There are indications that the German drive has halted in some sections because of the withdrawal by General von Mackensen of troops for the Balkan campaign; at all events, Russia has held her position strongly and firmly. Dvinsk has not fallen; and the fact that General von Hindenburg slackened his attack here and strengthened the attack on Riga leads one to think that Dvinsk may be left for next spring's campaign. If so, this indicates a yielding of Germany's original intent, for her armies pushed far east of a line drawn south from Riga, leaving it comparatively unassailed in the eagerness to add Dvinsk to the captures of this campaign.

On the Franco-Belgian line there was fierce fighting, with some gains by the French in Artois, Lorraine, and the Vosges. The German attack near Rheims was extremely violent; it was met and repelled by the French with admirable vigor and firmness.

The Zeppelin attack of October 13 on London did more damage than at first reported; fifty-five persons were killed and about seventy-five wounded; only a very few soldiers were killed, most of those not in active service, and the other "military damage" done, if any, was so slight as to be negligible. An English agitation in favor of retaliation by bombarding German towns, regardless of military purpose, brought out the following dissent from Viscount Bryce: "To imitate the policy of savagery carried out by the German Government in Belgium and France and by the Turkish Government in Armenia would be to lower ourselves to the level of those governments;" while Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, referring to the French air raids on Karlsruhe and Stuttgart as reprisals for German raids, says: "It is dirty work at best, however necessary it may be, but the dirtiest work of all would be to allow an ally to do it in our name, while we explain to the world that we could not condescend to do it."

GREAT BRITAIN'S POLITICAL WAR CRISIS

It is inevitable in a democratically governed country that differences on such a matter of national existence as a terrible war should come to the surface, while under a government like that of Germany they would be rigorously repressed. Especially is this true when, as in Great Britain to-day, the Ministry is a political composite. Last week there appeared signs of danger for the non-partisan coalition in England. The resignation of Sir Edward Carson from the Cabinet; the withdrawal of General Sir Ian Hamilton (a brilliant soldier, but not a great tactician) from command of the Dardanelles campaign and the appointment in his place of Major-General Sir Charles Carmichael Monro; the dissatisfaction, largely unfounded, with British diplomacy in the Balkans; and, most of all, the division of opinion as to the need of conscription—all these things have disturbed press, people, and Parliament. The King has conferred with Mr. Bonar Law; Mr. Asquith has been ill; it is quite possible that a reconstruction of the Ministry may take place at any minute; but not, we firmly believe, possible that there shall be any cessation of a joint, patriotic, non-partisan, solid British front for unyielding prosecution of the war. The demand of papers like the "Times" and "Daily Mail" for greater frankness from the Government may be just; Sir Edward Carson's criticism on war methods may have some force; more expert work and less politics may be needed; the time for conscription may be near at hand—and if it is, it must never be forgotten that Great Britain's achievement in raising between two and three million men by volunteer enlistment is unparalleled. But, whatever may be requisite for the future, there is absolutely no sign of British yielding. The present cry is for more efficiency; it is not one of despair or surrender.

GERMAN OPINION ON THE WAR

Sympathizers with the cause of Germany in this country, during the earlier months of

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the war at least, complained vigorously that the American people did not receive correct news of Germany's military successes. There was perhaps some ground for this complaint at first, but during recent months not even the censors or the cutting of cables or the control of wireless has been able to prevent the public from getting a pretty good general idea of the German military situation. While Germany has not reached Paris or Petrograd, she is at present intrenched in Belgium and in northern France, has taken Warsaw, has penetrated into Russia, and is now invading the Balkan Peninsula. This is known, and we are not aware of any attempt to conceal it from the world. But the internal situation in Germany is not known. The ruling authorities in Germany are making every effort to persuade the world that the German people are unitedly supporting the War Party. Occasionally, however, information comes from German sources which indicates a growing division of opinion among the German people. In the New York "Evening Post" of October 14, for example, there was published a striking article signed by J. Koettgen, the New York correspondent of the Berlin "Vorwärts" and the Vienna "Arbeiter Zeitung." We judge that Mr. Koettgen is a member of the Social Democratic party. In the article to which we allude he gives evidence to show that the tax burdens of the war are already beginning to make a profound impression upon the German people. He asserts that the Junker and capitalistic classes in Germany are already planning to impose upon the wage-earners a larger burden of taxation than they can possibly bear. "Speculations," he says, "on the results of the war are generally not very safe on account of the very shifting basis; but there are some results which no new development can alter—the enormous war burdens will have to be borne. When the German workers return home from the war, they will find that the ship of state has been rigged out in their absence by their most determined enemies." He adds:

> There will be a terrible awakening when the masses come home and doff their uniforms. Careful observers cannot detect the slightest sign of a change of heart or policy on the part of the ruling spirits in Germany; they do not seem to have learned anything. Secretly and quietly they are preparing to place new, intolerable burdens on the back of the people; and while all this is going on the agitation for the reform of the abominable Prussian class franchise is ruthlessly suppressed. The quiet that reigns in Germany now is the ominous quiet before the storm. Common danger is still holding the people together. Once that danger is past, the great gulf between the democratic and reactionary forces of Germany will at once become apparent. It can hardly be doubted that the convulsions which will shake the country can end otherwise than by the destruction of the old régime.

This seems to us to be a notable confirmation of the belief that we have expressed more than once in these pages, that one of the results of the European war will be a very radical one—a change in the structure of the German Government, perhaps amounting to a political or social revolution.

THE DEFEAT OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN NEW JERSEY

The expected has happened, and New Jersey, by a pronounced majority of over 50,000 in a total vote of over 275,000, has declared against woman suffrage. It is interesting, and may be significant, that the chief cities of the State—Newark, Jersey City, Paterson, Trenton, and Camden—gave the largest proportionate majorities against suffrage. One of the most effective arguments of the anti-suffragists was that in American cities the general effect of giving the suffrage to women would be to increase the unintelligent and corruptible vote. This argument has evidently influenced many male voters in the large cities to oppose woman suffrage. The suffragists have also expressed disappointment that the wage-workers of these manufacturing cities, from whom they expected support, did not vote for suffrage.

The results of the New Jersey election register, of course, the opinion of the male voters. We repeat what we have often said before: that we wish it were possible to obtain an equally significant expression of the opinion of women on this question by some form of special election. While the anti-suffragists are naturally pleased with the outcome in New Jersey, they should not lose sight of the fact that over 100,000 men voters cast their ballots for woman suffrage. It is satisfactory as indicating the widespread interest in the question that a very large vote was cast. Special elections usually bring out a light vote. There were women watchers at the voting-places. The election throughout the State was quiet and orderly.

The campaign was conducted, on the whole,

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with dignity and energy, the suffragists adopting aggressive tactics which, in their thoroughness and efficiency, would have done credit to experienced politicians, and the anti-suffragists meeting their attacks with stubborn and effective resistance. It is painful to note that the usual charges of fraud are not lacking as the aftermath of the campaign; but, fortunately, the majority is so large that it is quite evident that neither the opposition of "bosses" nor the possible activity of the liquor interests brought about the result.

The possible influence of the election in New Jersey on the elections which will shortly be held in Pennsylvania, New York, and Massachusetts will undoubtedly stimulate both parties in the campaigns now being carried on in the three States.

THE PANAMA CANAL: WILL IT STAY DUG?

General Goethals, who expected to resign from the Governorship of the Canal Zone this November, has returned to the Isthmus from the United States for the work of fighting the most serious slide which has yet occurred in the Gaillard Cut—formerly known as the Culebra Cut—a slide which may possibly block the Canal for a period of half a year. The new slide involves some thirteen hundred feet of the Canal prism, narrowing it along some two hundred feet to a width of twenty-five feet, and filling the channel in places to within three feet of the surface. The earth in settling towards the Canal has piled up in waves which, on the removal of the earth already in the Canal, may likewise slump into the channel. Colonel Goethals states that it is impossible to make any prediction as to the reopening of the Canal until these earth waves have been removed and until the loose material behind them, counterbalanced by their elevation above the normal surface, has reached a point of stability.

Naturally enough, this new slide in the Gaillard Cut has caused a heavy financial loss both to the Government and to shippers—a loss which will mount into the millions. Soon after the channel was blocked a fleet of nearly one hundred vessels were anchored at Balboa and Colon awaiting opportunity to pass through the Canal. The cargoes in these ships must of necessity be either transported across the Panama Railway or the ships themselves must pass around the Horn.

In working on this great slide the record for excavation by a single dredge has been broken. The Paraiso moved 17,185 cubic yards in twenty-four hours. The highest previous record was 12,554.

Naturally enough, this great slide is discouraging, but it certainly does not prove in any way the impracticality or the failure of the great Canal. The solution of the slide problem is in principle the simple one of digging until the slides stop. Given the money and the labor, there is no doubt that the slide problem will ultimately be conquered.

If these slides do not prove the impracticality of the present Canal, they certainly do prove the impossibility of that engineering dream called the Straits of Panama. The country can hardly be grateful enough for the fact that President Roosevelt ignored the recommendations of the majority of his Board of Consulting Engineers and gave the orders for a canal which within the bounds of human possibility could be dug and made to stay dug.

THE PANAMA CONGRESS

Some time ago The Outlook reported the calling of a Congress for Christian Work in Latin America to hold its sessions February 10–20 in the city of Panama and to include delegates from the Protestant churches in this country. The Committee of Arrangements defined the purposes of this Conference, which may be briefly summarized:

"To obtain a more accurate mutual knowledge of the history, resources, achievements, and ideals of the peoples so closely associated in their business and social life; to unite in a common purpose to strengthen the moral, social, and religious forces that are now working for the betterment of these countries; to discover the underlying principles of true national prosperity; and to consider ways and means by which these principles may be put in action and made effective."

The opportunity for such a Congress and the importance of its work are emphasized by the European war. The Committee was careful to define the purposes of the Congress "to recognize all the elements of truth and goodness in any form of religious faith," and to declare that its approach to the people shall be "neither critical nor antagonistic, but inspired by the teachings and examples of Christ;" that it will welcome the co-operation of any who are willing to co-operate in any part of the Christian programme; and the invitation was extended to "all communions or organizations which accept Jesus Christ as Divine Saviour and Lord, and the

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Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as the Revealed Word of God, and whose purpose is to make the will of Christ prevail in Latin America."

In May last the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church by an overwhelming majority decided to send delegates to this Congress. There are two schools of thought in the Episcopal Church. What is known as the "Catholic" group has made a vigorous and persistent attack on this action of the Board of Missions, as it has opposed every proposal on the part of the Episcopal Church to act with other Protestant churches. Some members of the Episcopal Church, deeply interested in the Conference on Faith and Order, which has secured widespread sympathy and co-operation among many Christian communions, are opposed to the participation of the Episcopal Church in this Congress because of its possible effect on Roman Catholic sentiment and action. It is the strong desire of this group to maintain a neutral position between the older historical churches and the Protestant communions.

The President of the Republic of Panama offered the Congress the use of the National Theater for its sessions, whereupon the Roman Catholic Bishop of Panama issued a pastoral letter formally prohibiting, "under penalty of mortal sin, all Catholics subject to our jurisdiction to assist at the sessions of the proposed Protestant Congress—even though it should be from curiosity."

THE REAL ISSUE

There are Protestants who misrepresent the Roman Catholic faith or who put forward the most ignorant and bigoted Roman Catholic statements as representing the spirit and purposes of the Roman Catholic Church; on the other hand, there are Roman Catholics who seem to take pleasure in ignorantly and grossly misrepresenting Protestant faith and feeling. The letter of the Bishop of Panama is both ignorant and virulent. This is a pity, for the Roman Catholic Church, under the inspiration of its finer clergy, has done some notable and thoroughly Christian work in Latin America. There have been very serious misrepresentations of the purpose of this Congress, which is one of co-operation with Latin-American people, not an attempt to impose American ideas of any kind upon them. Its organizers have been in consultation with the leaders of the various movements working for the closer co-operation of Latin-Americans. It is carrying on the most comprehensive and catholic study of Latin-American life. Under its direction eight commissions, composed of Latin-Americans, North Americans, and Europeans, have been studying the conditions of that life; and their reports, when digested, will be a real contribution to the literature of Latin-American life.

More than half the Latin-Americans live in countries in which there is no state religion. In all the countries where there is no state religion, and, with one exception, in all countries where there is a state religion, the people are guaranteed by their constitutions perfect religious liberty. The needs of Latin America are great; they have been eloquently and forcibly presented by Latin-Americans; and this Congress, instead of being sectarian or an invasion of another country for purposes of proselytism, is a broad, generous, catholic attempt to cement still further the growing unity between Americans of all nations.

The Outlook knows nothing about the conditions which determine the use of public buildings in Panama; but the notion of the Roman Catholic bishop of that country that Protestants have no right to go to Panama in order to hold meetings, congresses, or conventions is one which neither Protestants nor Roman Catholics in this country can for a moment accept.

The Congress will be held in accordance with the original plans before the invitation was extended from the President of the Republic. Mr. Barrett, of the Pan-American Union, has been quoted as condemning the proposed Congress because of its effect on trade relations between the United States and Latin America. It ought to be clear by this time that to make religious and moral endeavor subordinate to commercial interests is to put lower interests in command of the higher interests, and that is a view of life which this country is rejecting with increasing emphasis. As a matter of fact, there can be no real antagonism between them.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

A new and picturesque antagonist of the saloon has stepped into the ring. John L. Sullivan, once champion pugilist of the world, and said by experts to be the most perfect human fighting machine ever produced, has become a temperance advocate, and has just

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made a contract for a five-year lecture tour, during which period he hopes to visit most, if not all, of the forty-eight States to speak in behalf of total abstinence. Besides being a man who is not afraid to say what he thinks, Mr. Sullivan possesses a special advantage as a temperance lecturer. His own personal experience furnishes an example both of the power of drink to ruin a man and of the ability of a man of courage to escape from that ruin.

At the age of forty-seven, after nearly twenty years of progressive dissipation, Sullivan was a physical and financial wreck—a sodden outcast. To-day, at the age of fifty-seven, he is a prosperous farmer, with health, strength, and stamina that might be envied by many a man of forty. He now desires to tell the American public, especially for the benefit of the rising generation, the story of the almost total ruin that drink brought into his life. If he had not been endowed with one of the most wonderful physiques of his time, he could not have undergone the tremendous strain to which he subjected his mind and body without dying a wreck. Nevertheless, to many a struggling victim of alcoholism the spectacle of this clear-eyed, clear-skinned, and vigorous man of middle age, considered in connection with his story of long years of degradation as a slave of drink and his final triumph, is bound to be a stimulating one.

Sullivan's own story of his attempts to throw off the fetters of alcohol confirms the common conclusion of all students of alcoholism—that there must be no compromise. After leaving the prize ring Sullivan became a saloon-keeper, and he eventually consumed so large a portion of his own stock that he was finally reduced to abject poverty. An order was issued dispossessing him from his home. When the sheriff's deputies arrived to carry out the order of the Court at ten o'clock in the morning, Sullivan, in a drunken stupor, was lying fully dressed on his bed, where he had fallen on arriving home a few hours earlier. It was impossible to awaken him, and the officers carried out of his rooms the furniture, carpets, and curtains, and finally lifted him off the bed in order to remove that, and left him lying on the bare floor. One of the deputies had sufficient admiration for Sullivan's past kingship as a pugilist and sufficient pity for his present state to return to the room, after the others had left, with a bottle of whisky, which, in a pathetic kind of friendliness, he placed on the floor beside the sleeping drunkard in order that he might find some sort of solace when he came to himself. When Sullivan awoke, he hardly recognized the empty, carpetless room, but the truth finally dawned upon him. It was the lowest point that he had reached. His friends had discarded him. He was truly down and out. Then and there he determined to show that he could "come back." He picked up the bottle of whisky and smashed it against the wall. For several months he tried to practice the policy of moderation, making some progress towards rehabilitation, but frequently backsliding. It was not until he pledged himself never to touch an intoxicant of any kind again that he was safe.

MR. SULLIVAN ON THE DRINK QUESTION

In response to a letter which The Outlook addressed to Mr. Sullivan, he says that he does not at present favor National or State prohibition, because he believes that the way to promote temperance is by appealing to individual intelligence rather than by political action. Judging from conditions at present existing in Maine, the State that has been longest under a prohibition law, he considers prohibition so far a failure. But he says that if prohibition should prove a success after a fair trial in the States that have adopted it more recently, his view is open to change. He believes in anti-saloon legislation. There would be comparatively little drunkenness, he thinks, if there were no saloons in which men could treat one another. In his lectures he desires to appeal particularly to young men. He does not intend to dwell so much upon the moral and religious aspects of the question, leaving that phase of the subject to others. He will devote himself largely to the physical and material side, of which his own experience gives him a profound knowledge—to the drinker's loss in efficiency and impairment of those faculties without which no man can live a sound and successful life. He said, in response to a request from The Outlook:

If I had not quit drinking when I did and gone to farming with my good wife, there would be somewhere in a Boston suburb a modest tombstone with the inscription on it, "Sacred to the memory of John L. Sullivan." That is why I am quitting the farm and "coming back" to have a go with a bigger champion than I ever was—the champion of champions—John Barley-

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corn. There is only one way to get the best of John Barleycorn, and that is to run away from him. There are men who say about liquor that they can take it or leave it, but those are the ones who always take it. And in the end it gets them. I am leaving the farm to say to the young men of the United States: "Leave liquor alone. Liquor leads to bad companions, bad companions lead to evil places, evil places lead to disease, and disease destroys the home and the Nation."

Those who have read George Borrow's "Bible in Spain" and "Lavengro" and his striking defense of "the bruisers of England" will be especially interested to recall that Sullivan is regarded by those who have made a study of the personalities of the prize ring as one of the most remarkable figures of its history. During the ten years that he held the championship of the world he defeated more than two hundred of the picked men of the earth. Until after dissipation had impaired his strength and he was beaten by a younger man he was never so much as knocked down in the ring. We hope he will be able to deal some knock-out blows to John Barleycorn in the long series of encounters which he has just undertaken.

HENRI FABRE

Henri Fabre, whose portrait appears on another page, is dead, at the fine old age of ninety-two years. It is fortunate that he could live so long, for until nearly eighty years old the man whom Victor Hugo described as "the insects' Homer" remained almost unknown to the world. His life had been one of poverty, sacrifice, and struggle, but of superb perseverance. He was born of humble and illiterate parents. When only five years old, his special bent was indicated in an attempt to find out how the cricket chirped. But he could not take up the investigation of natural history as he wanted to do; he had to earn his living, and became a teacher of mathematics. This, however, did not prevent him from being a tireless and wonderfully successful observer of insects. He discovered many facts regarding them, and solved not a few mysteries. He married early in life, and the responsibility of a large family made it imperative for him to work harder than ever at teaching, thus postponing his dream of becoming a naturalist with nothing to do but to study insect life. He was able, however, to make great use of his studies near Avignon, where he lived, because the sun-baked, wind-swept wastes about that town were, if worthless agriculturally, an insect paradise. Here it was that Fabre wrote his greatest work, "Souvenirs Entomologiques," which has now gone into many editions. It was crowned by the French Academy.

Fabre became the friend of Darwin, Maeterlinck, and Mistral. Maeterlinck has said: "He is one of the most profound scholars, purest writers, and finest poets of the century just passed." Through talks with Fabre, Maeterlinck was inspired to write "The Life of the Bee." The poet Mistral rescued Fabre from poverty and obscurity by begging aid from all interested in science.

A recent remark by Fabre illustrates his simplicity and humility:

> Because I have stirred a few grains of sand on the shore am I in a position to know the depths of the ocean? Life has unfathomable secrets. Human knowledge will be erased from the archives of the world before we possess the last word that the gnat has to say to us. Scientifically, nature is a riddle without a definite solution to satisfy man's curiosity. Hypothesis follows hypothesis; the theoretical rubbish heap accumulates and truth ever eludes us. To know how not to know might well be the last word of wisdom.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS

For several years there has been going on in American colleges and universities a vigorous struggle between the professional and the amateur spirit in college athletics. The Outlook has reported the progress of this struggle from time to time, in the belief that the genuine amateurs, who have made steady progress, would finally win. Yale University has just taken a remarkable step in the direction of barring professionalism from its undergraduate body. The details are given in the following letter:

Professor Robert N. Corwin, Chairman Yale University Athletic Association:

Dear Sir—We, the undersigned members of the Yale University baseball team of 1915, during the past summer played with the Quogue Field Club nine, the club furnishing the board and room to the players. From the time we discovered the provision in the Yale rules that no man who has received board for playing summer baseball shall represent Yale on its teams each of us paid in full for board and lodging, subsequently furnished him by the club. In view, however, of the fact that we did, although unintentionally and ill-advisedly, vio-

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late the rule, we hereby withdraw from competition in intercollegiate athletics.

ARTHUR MILBURN.
WILLIAM EASTON.
HARRY W. LEGORE.
SPENCER A. PUMPELLY.
ROBERT G. RHETT, JR.

The signers of this letter, we are assured by the best authority at Yale, were unaware that they were violating a technical rule. Mr. Milburn is captain of the Yale University baseball nine. Mr. Easton is the halfback on the football team and plays on the 'Varsity baseball nine. Mr. Legore is Yale full-back and one of the great players of the time; he also plays short-stop on the baseball nine. Mr. Pumpelly is one of the best Yale pitchers, and Mr. Rhett is a crack outfielder. Mr. Legore's withdrawal especially is a blow to the prospects of football at Yale this season. The Faculty and corporate officials of the University had nothing to do with this action. It is the product of graduate and undergraduate sentiment on semi-professionalism, and it is a very marked tribute to the fine spirit which now prevails at Yale. The example thus set might well be followed by other prominent universities and colleges.

WATER POWER: STATE VERSUS NATION

The conference of delegates from the Western States held at Portland, Oregon, has now taken place. Many people of the Pacific apparently think that all the water power in their vicinity, whether from the public domain, under the Federal Government's control, or not, belongs to them exclusively. As the "Oregon Voter," a weekly paper of Portland, asks, "How would you like to have your street railway system operated by a bureau at Washington, D. C.?" They declare that the water power is a thing for municipal regulation, that it is a function which should not be assumed by the Federal Government, and that the Federal Government should not be an untaxed and unregulated owner and operator of public utilities in local municipalities.

Hence the issue before the Portland conference was State control *versus* Federal control. State control was supported by a four-to-one majority of delegates.

This majority was headed by Senator Smoot, of Utah, and the majority resolution declared that each State has full jurisdiction over all lands within its borders, including the beds of streams; that the Federal Government's ownership of the technical title to vacant public land within a State does not confer upon the Federal Government any greater or other governmental powers than it possesses within the original States; that the policy of the United States with respect to the disposition of its unappropriated public lands is opposed to the making of a direct revenue therefrom, but is intended to encourage the settlement and development; and that the vacant lands belonging to the Federal Government, amounting to more than twice the area of the thirteen original States, are exempt from taxation, while the burden of maintaining local government over their entire area rests upon the States. Hence, in the opinion of the majority, the States have the Constitutional right and power to control and regulate the appropriation and use of the waters within their boundaries for all beneficial purposes except navigation, and also the right and power to control and regulate the rates and service of their public utilities. The majority, therefore, opposes any leasing system upon a public domain, and is in favor of a declaratory act by Congress recognizing and acknowledging that the proprietary interests of the United States in the vacant land within the States is subject to the jurisdiction and eminent domain of those States for all uses which are declared by the laws of those States to be public uses.

AN IMPOSSIBLE GOAL

The minority was led by Senator Walsh, of Montana. Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, also took a stand in favor of Federal control. These men, together with Mr. Graves and Mr. Merrill, of the Forestry Bureau, and Mr. Tallman, the United States Land Commissioner, who were also present, reflect the opinion that we should have a system of public leases for, say, fifty-year terms and renewable except only in the event that the State should wish to take over the property for the purpose of ownership and operation, and, if so taken over, the lessee should be paid back his investment. The leases should be unalterable for their term, and should be subject to cancellation only upon failure to comply with their express provisions. A minimum rental should be charged in all cases to cover administrative costs.

There is a clear difference between the functions of the Federal and the State Governments. The Federal Government should

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maintain public ownership and administration of the use of the land. The State may regulate rates and service and issue securities.

While the Federal Government should never take such a forbidding attitude towards private enterprise and private capital as to check the legitimate and rapid development of our water powers in the manufacture of electricity, The Outlook believes that the goal of private ownership of public utilities, in so far as those water powers are concerned, is an impossible goal.

NO FACTORY INSPECTOR FOR GEORGIA

There will be no adequate enforcement of the Georgia Child Labor Law for at least another year. The Governor lately called the Legislature in extraordinary session, but there is no mention of the bill to provide a factory inspector among the six subjects for legislative action. At present the Commissioner of Commerce and Labor is charged with the enforcement of the Child Labor Law in addition to the "collection, collation, and dissemination of information and statistics concerning labor in its relation to capital; location, capacity, and output of mills and factories; quantity of raw material used by them annually; location and horse-power of valuable water powers," etc., for which work he is provided with two office assistants.

The bill providing for an assistant factory inspector to enforce the Child Labor Law was favorably reported by both House and Senate committees at the last session, and the Governor was urged by the Department of Labor, the labor unions, and other friends of child labor reform to include it in the programme for the extraordinary session.

"This is one of the occasions when we realize more strongly than ever that a Federal child labor law is the most important goal in the campaign against child labor," said Dr. A. J. McKelway, the National Child Labor Committee's secretary for the Southern States, who has just returned from Atlanta. "For years we have fought to improve the Child Labor Law in Georgia, and last year we did succeed in raising the age limit from twelve to fourteen, with the exemption for poverty raised from ten to twelve years. But now the State refuses to provide for the enforcement even of that mild law. If we had a Federal law, we would not have to wait for the Georgia Legislature to take action. The law could be enforced by Federal inspectors."

NATIONAL DEFENSE

Secretary Garrison, as reported in the daily press, has formed a plan for the organization of a citizen soldiery for National defense. No complete or authorized statement of the plan has yet been made public, and so far as it is here discussed it must be in its general aspects and subject to fuller description and modification later.

The naval problem and the army problem are quite distinct. The navy must be a professional organization. Ships cannot be manned by volunteers. The naval problem, therefore, is simply: How large a navy is necessary for National defense and what should be the proportion of battle-ships, cruisers, submarines, destroyers, and aeroplanes? These are questions which can be solved only by experts. We take no interest in the amateurish discussion of them by the press and do not propose to add our quota to that futile discussion.

But the army problem is altogether of a different description. History demonstrates that a great standing army is always perilous to free institutions. The army problem is therefore, in a sentence, this: How can citizen soldiery be so trained, equipped, and prepared for war as to furnish an adequate defense against serious attack without creating a standing army, the peril of which to free institutions would be greater than the peril from foreign invasion? This is the problem which Secretary Garrison endeavors to solve by his reported proposal for the creation of a "citizen soldiery." His plan, as outlined in the daily press, includes (1) an increase in the regular army to 140,000 men; (2) an enlistment of 400,000 citizen soldiers, to be known as the Continentals, who, as we understand it, will remain in civil life, but will sign contracts binding them to serve the Government for the first three years for two months each, drilling in military camps, and during the second three years will be free from all service in peace, but will be subject to call in the event of war or threatened war; and (3) reliance on the State militia, numbering approximately 130,000.

There are three sources in our population from which the Federal Government could draw citizen soldiers as material for Secretary Garrison's citizen army.

It has been estimated by competent authority that there are probably not less than a million men in the United States, foreign

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born, who have had some military training abroad and who have come to this country partly to escape the burdens which a great military establishment imposes on the people. These furnish one source of supply.

The recent experiences in connection with the military camp at Plattsburgh demonstrate that there are thousands of civilians, especially of the younger men, who would gladly give two or three months in the summer to training in a military camp. These would furnish a second source of supply. Such military encampments would not be, in any case, a waste of energy. They would be of great advantage for times of peace. Summer military camps analogous to that at Plattsburgh organized at various points throughout the country would give to summer idlers useful employment, a training which would be an admirable means of physical development, and at the same time would promote those habits of obedience and that aptitude for team work which are so greatly needed in our American youth. Our educational systems do nothing to promote these two qualities except what is done incidentally by the athletics which the young men themselves have organized, and participation in these athletic exercises is unfortunately and probably of necessity confined to too small a number.

Some combination between the militia of the States and the Federal Government has already been effected, but it is far from perfect, and it appears to us not impossible to work out a plan by which the training of the militia should be carried on, not only in connection with Federal troops, but under the supreme command of Federal officers. This would furnish the third source of supply.

It ought to be possible to accomplish a combination of these three elements—citizens already trained to the use of arms, untrained youth, and State militiamen—by the reported methods suggested by Secretary Garrison in such a way as would furnish this country, at no distant date, with a volunteer force of citizen soldiery adequate to repel any attack by a foreign Power likely to be brought against us. The very presence of such a force would itself operate to prevent the attack which our present helplessness operates to invite. It would really constitute a great promoter of international peace. With such provision it would not be necessary or even desirable for us to have any greater standing or professional army than would be required to man our fortifications and to do necessary police duty at home and in our insular possessions.

But no plan for National defense ought to be pushed through by one political party and left dependent upon the fortunes of the party. For this reason we again urge the adoption by Congress of a National Defense Commission, which should contain representatives of the army, the navy, the Senate and the House, and probably some civilians taken from private life. Of such a commission the President should be *ex officio* chairman. To it should be intrusted, not only the working out of plans of National defense, but also a permanent and continuing system, not liable to be changed with every changing election. It should not be Democratic, Republican, or Progressive, but simply American. A programme for National defense, carefully prepared by a commission so constituted, should and would carry weight with Congress and with the people greater than would or could attach to that of a Secretary of War whose office, and therefore whose influence, is necessarily both partial and temporary.

THE MEXICAN PROBLEM

In four articles by Mr. Caspar Whitney, written as the result of a personal study of Mexican conditions and published in May, 1915, and in the three articles by Mr. Edward I. Bell concluded last week, we have presented to our readers the objections, which seem to us conclusive, to Mr. Carranza as the First Chief of Mexico. In this issue we present a vigorous defense from his friends.

It no longer, however, serves any useful purpose to debate about Mr. Carranza. The Government of the United States, the A B C Republics of South America, and some of the Central American Republics have officially decided to recognize him as the head of the Mexican Government, and the United States has placed an embargo on arms going to his rival, Villa. They evidently do not take our view of Carranza's past record or of his present capacity. Nevertheless, the amiable estimates of his personal friends and the official estimate of the Administration at Washington do not convince us that we are wrong in our deliberate judgment that he will be unable to re-establish justice, order, and stability in his unhappy country.

But he is about to have the powerful sup-

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port of neighboring Governments, and we shall watch, we hope without prejudice, to see if with this support he can succeed. No intelligent or right-minded American will endeavor to throw obstacles in his way. We certainly shall not.

He is now officially recognized as the *de facto* head of the Mexican Government. If, finally, by genuine constitutional nomination and election he is chosen President, we shall be among the first to applaud him when he really assures to every Mexican, peon or *cientifico*, the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But we shall also be among the first to condemn him and his political acts if they do not fulfill his own promises and the expectation of his friends.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION

A SUMMARY

During last summer a remarkable body of men were in session at Albany in the service of the people of New York State. While most busy Americans were taking a respite from the strenuous life in motoring, golfing, yachting, or reposing by the seashore or under the trees, these gentlemen were giving their days and nights to the hardest kind of work for others. Probably some of them had come to this Convention to look after their own interests or the interests of their clients, but most of them were working without hope of reward either in money, power, or reputation. The product of their labors has been laid before the people in an extremely well-edited edition of the Constitution, so typographically arranged that even the careless reader can tell what changes have been made by this radical revision, and accompanied by such comments that the unscholarly reader can easily ascertain their practical significance.

This Convention was alike remarkable in the preparations which had been made for it, in its personnel, and in its spirit. It was provided with the full text of the successive Constitutions of the State; with the various amendments which have been proposed to the Constitution in the last ten years; with a digest of all other State Constitutions; with a copy of the United States Constitution; and with pamphlets giving information respecting the organization of the city of New York, the functions of its various officers, the various expenditures of the State, special papers respecting the problems which the Convention would have to consider, and other similar information. A majority of the delegates were Republicans, but the Democratic party was represented by eminent jurists, such as Morgan J. O'Brien, Delancey Nicoll, William F. Sheehan, and Robert F. Wagner, and, although we believe the Progressives did not elect a single one of their candidates to the Convention, the Progressive principles found able and eloquent advocacy in the representatives of other parties. It has been said, in criticism of the Convention, that one hundred and thirty-four of its one hundred and sixty-nine delegates were lawyers; that is to say, the people of the State elected lawyers to attend to their law business for them—an indication of the wisdom of democracy. But with the exception of the President of the Conference, Elihu Root, and the Chairman of its Judiciary Committee, George W. Wickersham, it is doubtful whether any man exerted a greater influence in its deliberations than Seth Low and President J. G. Schurman, of Cornell University, neither of whom are lawyers. The spirit which seems to The Outlook to have animated the Convention was strikingly illustrated by an unexpected incident. The sessions were opened by prayer. On one morning the clergyman who was to have offered prayer failed to appear, and the punctual president, without any delay, took the clergyman's place and offered the prayer, which we transfer to our pages, not only for its literary and spiritual beauty, but also for its value as an indication of the spirit of the assembly:

> Almighty God, we pray to thee to guide our deliberations this day. Make us humble, sincere, devoted to the public service. Make us wise, considerate of the feelings and the opinions and the rights of others. Make us effective and useful for the advancement of thy cause of peace and justice and liberty in the world. For Christ's sake. Amen.

In three successive articles The Outlook has pointed out three reasons why we recommend all voters in New York to vote for this Constitution, and why we commend it to the consideration of the voters of other States as a model worthy of their study in dealing with some of the most difficult problems of American democracy. We here restate these reasons and supplement them with some others.

All the safeguards of the old Constitution remain—provisions securing the supremacy of the civil authorities over the military, and the right of citizens to habeas corpus, jury

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trial, free speech, and the like. The statement of certain labor leaders that the revision removes from the Bill of Rights the provision that military tribunals shall not exercise authority over private citizens is untrue. There was no such provision in the old Constitution, and the provisions in the old Constitution retained in the new have been held by the Supreme Court of the United States to make it unconstitutional to subject to military trial for any offense whatever a citizen in civil life in nowise connected with the military service.

The statements by the same leaders that it gives to the courts new powers that can be used against labor, seeks to abolish jury trials for criminal causes, and creates powerful judges without nomination or election by the people are also false. It confers no such new power on the courts. The only shadowy excuse for the statement that it abolishes jury trials is the provision allowing one accused of minor offenses to waive indictment by a grand jury if he desires to do so in order to expedite his trial and establish his innocence. The only shadowy excuse for the statement that it creates powerful judges is its provision, to which we shall refer later, substituting permanent salaried commissioners for the referees now appointable by the courts and paid by fees.

Preserving all the rights of the individual by its re-enactment of the old Bill of Rights, it removes restrictions which prevented, or were thought to prevent, freedom of legislative action in protection of the common people. The proposal to forbid the Legislature from enacting any law respecting a minimum wage was overwhelmingly defeated. After the Court of Appeals decided that the Workmen's Compensation Act was unconstitutional in this State the people amended the Constitution so as to confer that power upon the Legislature; that provision is retained, with an added clause allowing the Legislature to provide compensation in case of injury produced by occupational disease. Under the new Constitution the questions of establishing living wages for women and children, a prevailing rate of wages on public work, and an eight-hour labor day, and the like, are left, as they should have been left, to the Legislature.

Grave objections have been made, and justly made, to the law's delays and the law's expenses. In one of his addresses to the Convention on this subject Elihu Root reported as a common opinion at the bar that any skillful lawyer could postpone litigation for seven years, affirmed justly that the common people "feel that the path of justice is obstructed, that the honest man would better lose his claim than go into court," and insisted that the system of legal procedure ought to be such "that the farmer and the merchant and the laborer can understand it and know why he is delayed in getting his rights." The energy and skill of a very able committee were directed towards the accomplishment of this result. Provision was made for the simplification of the rules of civil procedure, and prohibiting the continual intermeddling with those rules by fragmentary legislation. The power of the courts to appoint referees, to be paid by fees, has been taken from them. This power has subjected judges to the suspicion of personal and political favoritism, and has unquestionably made the judicial office a plum which political bosses have desired to get for their supporters. In lieu of these referees the new Constitution provides for permanent commissioners to be paid fixed salaries, a provision which will not only keep the judicial office clear from influences which tend to impair the exercise of its strictly judicial function and take from the judges the power to pay the debt sometimes incurred in procuring their nomination, but will also do much to remove the scandal which now too often accompanies proceedings to determine the compensation to be paid whenever private property is taken for public use. A third provision regulates and reduces the number of appeals which may be taken and which often are taken simply for the purpose either of procuring delay or of tiring out one of the contestants. We are not optimistic enough to think that these provisions will, or that any provisions can, put an absolute stop to vexatious delays in the courts, but they will go far to give the courts power to reduce such delays to a minimum.

We have already referred to what we regard as the three most important provisions in this amended Constitution: The Short Ballot, which enables the people to hold the Governor of the State responsible for the administration of the various departments in the State, as they now hold the President responsible for the various administrative departments in the Nation, the Budget, which puts upon the Governor the duty of preparing and presenting to the Legislature an estimate of the appropriations necessary

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for the ensuing year, which gives the Legislature power to reduce, but not to increase, those appropriations, and which thus enables the people to hold the Governor responsible alike for needless extravagances and cheeseparing economies; Home Rule for cities and counties, which very largely increases the direct participation of the people in the management of their local affairs, and so at once increases the power and responsibility of the people and decreases the opportunity for and the temptation to favoritism and corruption in the Legislature.

Some readers of this Constitution will object to it because it does not contain certain amendments which were suggested to the Convention. Thus there are conservatives who will be disappointed because the Convention did not adopt a clause prohibiting legislation fixing a minimum wage, an eight-hour labor day, and the like. And there are liberals who will object because the Constitution does not contain amendments establishing a minimum wage and an eight-hour labor day and providing for referendum, initiative, and recall. But to intelligent readers it can scarcely be necessary to say that if the Constitution as a whole contains important improvements on the old Constitution, the fact that it does not contain some improvements for which they wished furnishes no reason for its rejection. It has been proposed to reject this Constitution and then endeavor to get the people in 1916 to create a new Constitutional Convention. To make such a movement a success it would be necessary (1) to secure from the voters a call for a new Constitution; (2) to secure in that convention a majority of delegates who will share the opinion of those who are dissatisfied with the present revision; (3) an adoption of this new Constitution by a popular vote. That the people of this State would reject a Constitution prepared with such painstaking care, and then immediately call for another convention, elect to it a new set of delegates, and adopt their deliberations as a matter of course, is so highly improbable that this plan, though it has been seriously proposed, does not call for serious consideration.

After a careful consideration of the provisions of the amended Constitution as submitted to the people by the present Constitutional Convention, we cannot doubt that it contains all the customary safeguards of individual rights and liberties, all the grants of power to the Legislature necessary to enable it to pass legislation desired to protect the individual from the oppressions of great organizations, whether of labor or capital, and provisions which will go far to lessen the law's delays, to give the people more direct power and control in the administration of their affairs, to secure greater responsibility for public appropriations and therefore greater economy in public appropriations, and more direct responsibility for public administration and therefore a more direct power of the people over the administrators; in short, the abolition of the invisible government.

There are three amendments to the Constitution which will be separately presented to the people of New York State for their judgment: The first relates to the apportionment of the State for legislative elections; the second, to provisions for the assessment of property and the levying of taxation; the third, to woman suffrage. The voter must vote on these propositions separately. His approval of the Constitution does not carry with it any approval of these amendments; his rejection of the Constitution does not carry with it any rejection of these amendments. Concerning these amendments we do not think it necessary to give voters any counsel. Only the last one is of National importance, and the views of The Outlook on that question are sufficiently known to its readers.

A FRIEND AND FRIENDSHIP

She never seemed to think of herself, and it was characteristic of her, as she passed out of life, to close the door quietly behind her. In all her more than eighty years she had asked little and given much. There was a deep stillness in her nature; she had a crystalline clearness of mind and a gift for exact expression, but she rarely spoke of the deeper things of life. Heavy burdens were laid on her; she bore them in resolute silence. Sacrifice was her daily portion; she accepted it as if it were leisure and happiness.

Of an able and honorable ancestry, with a background of New England character and intelligence, she had the fine simplicity of bearing and of personal standards for which the old homes of the quiet and beautiful old town, with broad, shaded streets and generous gardens, in which she was born, stood. In a time of confused aims her life had a certain

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ancestral singleness of purpose which gave it notable simplicity and directness. A kind of central integrity anchored her securely among the shifting currents and eddies of her age. She had a clear and vigorous intelligence and was in touch with the affairs of the world from her youth; but her clear vision of fundamental things was never blurred, nor did her singleness of aim lose its crystalline distinctness as life grew more complicated and its problems more complex. She gave day by day "the constant service of the antique world," when vital interests were fewer and more concentrated.

Her simplicity was not indifference to the multitudinous claims of modern life; it was rooted in an integrity of character which was a definite and final choice of duties and aims. And in this integrity her friendships rested on an immovable foundation. To many men and women friendship is a delightful experience, like meeting an agreeable companion on a journey, or it is a harmony of temperament and taste. To her, friendship was not a matter of congenial tastes and instinctive liking; it was rooted and grounded in character. The very restraint of her expression was evidence of the depth and reality of her affection. She had the beautiful tenderness that often lies below a certain austerity of speech, and in time of need she was always at hand; but her friendship was more than a shelter; it was an incentive, a silent but inspiring force of courage and constancy in aim and work. In anxiety and trouble the comfort she brought was not an anodyne; it was a stimulant. She did not try to make the path easier by ignoring or minimizing the obstacles; she brought the tonic of courage and strength. There was no untruth in her; affection made her more clear-sighted. The opiate of indulgence was hateful to her because, like all drugs of its kind, it dulled the intelligence and stupefied the conscience.

Loyalty is born of integrity and truth, but there are different types of loyalty as there are various types of love. There is the love that weakens by indulgence and is disloyal to the ideal devotion, and there is the love that seeks the best and greatest at any cost of pain. Loyalty is not blind adherence; it is clear-sighted devotion to the highest interest of a friend. It will not hesitate to oppose an unwise plan, to tear away the bandage which closes the eyes to unwelcome truth; it will bear misunderstanding and jeopardize loss of friendship, if these are the price of loyalty to the highest interests of a friend.

For friendship can have no sure foundation save the frankness of absolute truth, and loyalty no aim save service to the highest nature of a friend. Our friends are not those who are silent when we make mistakes and flatter us when we do less than our best; they are those "who make us do what we can."

Such a friend is not only a delightful companion by the way, but a fellow-traveler who makes the goal clear when fatigue and doubt cloud the vision, and resolutely urges us onward when we are tempted to falter in the quest; and such a friendship is the highest expression of integrity; it is a noble form of service to the world.

When such a friend closes the door as she passes on into the larger and deeper experiences of life, the path seems lonelier; but the loyalty that has waited and hoped and served and remained steadfast to the end evokes a kindred loyalty in those who remain to cherish a memory that shines like the day, and to translate that memory into kindred integrity in all the intimacies of life.

VASSAR COLLEGE SEMI-CENTENNIAL

A PARABLE IN ACTION

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

TO make the reader a sharer in the remarkable exercises which celebrated the semi-centennial of Vassar College—the first of the greater women's colleges of this country—would defy the pen of a Robert Louis Stevenson or a Lafcadio Hearn. To at least one visitor these three days served as an enacted parable of the great movement which in the last half-century has accomplished the emancipation of women, and, in spite of some extravagances and follies, is welcomed by all who believe in the larger life and the greater freedom of humanity.

The key to the celebration was furnished

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by the wonderful pageant given on both Monday and Tuesday afternoons. The landscape architect had combined with nature to make a beautiful outdoor theater, not so large as the stadium at Berkeley, but more natural. A gentle slope, furnishing an admirable foundation for tiers of seats, ended at a grassy stage bounded at the back by forest trees, with a glimpse of a lake through an opening. On this stage was presented a series of living pictures or moving tableaux, representing seven stages, or scenes, in the development of woman's life, beginning with Sappho in the sixth century before Christ, and coming down to the election of Eleva Lucrezia Cornaro to the doctorate of the University of Padua in the seventeenth century. These living pictures were accompanied and interpreted by some dialogue remarkably well delivered, but hardly necessary to the full understanding of the scenes. In historical verisimilitude, in color scheme, in artistic grouping, in graceful movement, especially in the Greek and French dances, this pageant would have done credit to the very best of our modern theaters. I believe that the historical plan was worked out by the students with the aid of the Faculty. For the stage effects credit is due to the stage directress, Miss Hazel MacKaye. The pageant closed with an artistic procession of all the actors, and reached its fitting consummation when that stage procession was followed by the march of the undergraduates, not in cap and gown, but in their customary sweaters, presenting what was perhaps the supremest color effect of the afternoon—surpassed, however, one spectator thought, by the purely voluntary procession which in the spring the preacher sees from the pulpit of the chapel when through the open doors the girls come trooping across the campus into church, as though a flower garden, suddenly endowed with life, were coming into the sanctuary to worship.

Tuesday morning there were two remarkable addresses in the chapel. Dr. James M. Taylor, the former President, represented a conservatively progressive view of woman's place in life and the education necessary to fit her for it. An alumna has reported to me one of Dr. Taylor's characteristically epigrammatic sentences, which may be taken as representing his fundamental thought: "I wish the Vassar College girl to be so educated that no one will think of her as a college girl, and no one will be surprised when told that she is one." The radical view of woman's place in society was represented by Mrs. Emily James Putnam. "If I had my way," she said, "girls would be brought up to be manly. They would be stripped of their hampering dress, itself a badge of physical incompetence, . . . and in view of their special liability to attack would supplement it with the open carriage of weapons." And she added: "If it should ever become necessary for the United States to go to war, I hope we shall see battalions of strong, disciplined, courageous young women, as ready and as fit as their brothers to defend the right." I can see no more reason why a woman's college should seek to make women manly than why a man's college should seek to make men womanly; but I rejoice in the combination of conservative and radical on the same platform as a witness to the courage of a college which believes in liberty of discussion, because it believes that out of the conflict of antagonistic opinions an understanding of and faith in the truth is born.

If out of the remarkable addresses delivered on Wednesday—remarkable both in their individual character and their variety—I select "The Mystery of the Mind's Desire," by John Huston Finley, the State Commissioner of Education, it is because this address more than any other one expressed the third phase of this great woman's movement: the hunger for a larger intellectual life growing by what it feeds upon to a great passion. It is dangerous to attempt to express in a single sentence such a prose poem as Dr. Finley's address. The impression which it produced on one mind was this: That life is a great mystery; that the unscientific desire of certain scientists to rid it of all mystery by proposing solutions for them all never can and never ought to be satisfied; that the very secret of individual progress is that mystery of mysteries, the perpetual striving of the finite to learn the infinite, its perpetual pursuit of a goal always pursued but never to be reached. The awakening of this desire in woman by the opportunity offered to her to gratify it is perhaps the secret, as it certainly is the most striking characteristic, of the great woman's movement of the last half-century.

The great number of alumnæ who filled the town and thronged the college meetings attested the loyalty of the college woman to her Alma Mater, and the admirable arrangements for the entertainment of invited guests

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within the college grounds attested both the efficiency and the hospitality of college women. An incident not on the programme was a sentence spoken to me by an alumna, which, to my thinking, outdid in eloquence all the oratory of that oratorical occasion: "I am going home now to my five babies, and I do not think that is an anticlimax!"

The glory of modern education is that it makes womanly women and mothers who regard motherhood as the supreme profession. LYMAN ABBOTT.

AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO CHEMISTRY

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

THE first National Exhibition of Chemical Industries, held at the Grand Central Palace, New York, September 20–26, demonstrated in a most striking way the past and present achievements of American chemists, not only in the field of theoretical chemical science, but in the application of chemistry to industry and the arts. The exhibition was planned and directed under the auspices of the American Chemical Society (the largest body of its kind in the world, with over seven thousand members), the American Electrochemical Society, and the American Institute of Chemical Engineers.

The European war has directed public attention to the contributions of Europe to agricultural, industrial, electrical, and metallurgical chemistry. The average American does not sufficiently realize that the accomplishments of this country in theoretical and applied chemistry are quite as creditable and distinguished as those of Europe.

The work of Lavoisier, the great French chemist, together with his own discoveries in the science of chemistry, impelled James Woodhouse, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, to found the Chemical Society of Philadelphia in 1792. As this was the first Chemical Society in the world, it will be seen that American chemists were the first to organize their labors. Woodhouse did more than found a society; among other discoveries, he showed the superior advantages of anthracite as compared with bituminous coal. His coal experiments were of momentous value to this country and to the world.

Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, of its relationship to respiration, and of the influence of plants in "mending" and refitting for use the expired air, was driven from England by the religious intolerance of his age and sought intellectual freedom in the United States. He was a member of the Chemical Society of Philadelphia, and, continuing his researches, laid the foundation of biological chemistry.

Robert Hare, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania, was also a member of the Philadelphia Society. Three of his inventions were chosen to typify in the exhibition what the world owes to American chemists. These inventions were: in 1801, the oxyhydrogen blowpipe; in 1831, an apparatus for "rock blasting and blowing up of wrecks of vessels, fortifications, etc.," the prototype of the modern apparatus for discharging explosives at a distance by electricity; and in 1840, an electric furnace with which he obtained calcium carbide, phosphorus, graphite, and metallic calcium. The observations of Hare may be said to have directly led to that great group of industries clustered about Niagara Falls, in which electrochemical researches have played so important a part.

Metallic calcium has not yet come into its own, despite the fact that it forms forty per cent of all marble, limestone, and coral rock formations, and is thus abundantly available. But its near relations, magnesium and aluminum, have, by the aid of electric energy, in the chemical use of which Hare was a pioneer, entered on a prosperous career. In 1884 only 150 pounds of aluminum were produced in the United States. In 1914 79,000,000 pounds were used in this country, at least three-fourths of which were of native production. Magnesium, both alone and alloyed with aluminum, is essential in the construction of aeroplanes, the magnitude of whose future cannot be predicted.

In 1779 a committee of the Chemical

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Society of Philadelphia addressed an advertisement to the citizens of the United States, stating that it was desirous of "diffusing information throughout the United States relative to the manufacture of niter." In 1801 Dr. Felix Pascalis delivered the annual oration before the Philadelphia Society, in which he expressed the hope that chemists would secure the formation of nitric acid from the elements in atmospheric air. But it was not until 1898 that, by the use of electric current obtained at Niagara, Charles S. Bradley built and operated a plant to produce such nitric acid on a commercial scale. This American invention has been transferred to Norway, chiefly because of the lower cost of water power in that country. Since a loss of ninety-five per cent of the current used is the present toll paid for this conversion of nitrogen and oxygen to nitric acid, the present problem of electrochemists is to acclimatize the process in this country through the discovery of a less wasteful method of applying the energy necessary to the reaction.

The historical facts thus briefly outlined, which were commemorated by portraits, documents, and other exhibits at the exposition, serve to indicate what American chemists have done for American industry.

The most comprehensive exhibit was that of the United States Government. The Geological Survey, the Bureau of Mines, the Forest Service, the Bureau of Chemistry, the Bureau of Soils, the Bureau of the Census, the Bureau of Standards, and the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce displayed not only imposing exhibits, but a collection of pamphlets and literature on the most varied subjects of importance to chemistry and other manufactures. Many public addresses were delivered in the auditorium by Government experts and others, and many industries were shown in operation by moving pictures. The educational side of the exhibition was thus emphasized. The displays made of chemical apparatus were numerous and imposing, illustrating the progress that has been made in recent years in scientific industry. There has been a healthful, steady growth under the influence of a silent, unobtrusive, but determined effort, scarcely at all publicly noticed, to develop our National resources by the aid of chemists and other scientific workers. Great laboratories have been built and are operated by industrial corporations, not only for the control of their output or of their purchases of materials, but also for research. American chemists have a headquarters in the Chemists' Club of New York, whose fine building forms a social clearing-house for the various chemical societies, maintains a splendid library, especially of reference books, provides private research laboratories and numerous and thoroughly appointed commercial laboratories for professional chemists, and a fine auditorium for meetings of chemical societies. It thus affords American chemists facilities entirely unknown in Europe.

It is an interesting coincidence that American chemists have shown themselves to be not only experts in their field, but remarkable administrators in education. It is difficult to estimate the influence which has been exerted on this country by the following chemists officiating as presidents of educational institutions: Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard; Ira Remsen, of Johns Hopkins; Edgar F. Smith, of the University of Pennsylvania; Thomas M. Drown, of Lehigh University; F. P. Venable, of the University of North Carolina; Charles W. Dabney, of the University of Cincinnati; Winthrop E. Stone, of Purdue University; William B. Rogers, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and Henry Morton, of Stevens Institute.

The National Exhibition of Chemical Industries has served to bring to public attention the records and achievements of American chemists. The history of their work for more than a hundred years demonstrates the truth of the sentiment which was uttered in an annual oration by Thomas P. Smith before the Chemical Society of Philadelphia, April 11, 1798: "The only true basis on which the independence of our country can rest are agriculture and manufactures. To the promotion of these nothing tends in a higher degree than chemistry."

CHARLES A. DOREMUS.

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THE MEXICAN PROBLEM

*The political and social confusion in Mexico since the retirement of Porfirio Diaz has been so great that it has been a task of the utmost difficulty to obtain the facts on which to base just conclusions. Even the Administration at Washington, with all the resources at its command, has had to struggle with this difficulty; has had to send special agents to Mexico, whose reports and judgments have varied; and has from time to time felt itself compelled to change its own plans. The Outlook has made every effort to keep well informed and to pass on to its readers such reliable information as it could obtain. This it has done not only by private conferences and correspondence with well-informed and responsible men, both American and Mexican, but by sending its own staff representative, Mr. Gregory Mason, to Mexico in May and June, 1914. Last week we printed the last of three articles by Mr. Edward I. Bell, an American for some time resident in Mexico City. These articles were not printed without consultation with both Mexicans and Americans who had special facilities for knowing the facts. Naturally, the very strong partisan feelings aroused by the Mexican imbroglio have brought us some protests, which we print herewith. The first is from Dr. Henry Allen Tupper, a Baptist clergyman affiliated with the International Peace Forum, representing which he has made several visits to Mexico with the hope of promoting peace; the second is from Mr. Andrés Osuna, now Professor of Spanish at Vanderbilt University and Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville, Tennessee; the third is from Mr. Heriberto Barron, a personal friend of Mr. Carranza and an active worker in the Constitutionalist party of Mexico; and the fourth is from the Rev. S. G. Inman, who is now Executive Secretary in New York City of the Panama Congress on Christian Work, and who has lived in the City of Mexico. To these letters we have given, we think, careful consideration, and we commend them to the consideration of our readers. They have not, however, changed our opinion regarding the effectiveness of an official recognition of Mr. Carranza. Our own view on this acute question is expressed in an editorial on another page.—*THE EDITORS.

A PROTEST FROM DR. TUPPER

Editors of The Outlook:

My attention has been called to an article in The Outlook dated October 6, 1915, entitled "The Mexican Problem: Carranza—A Criminal Solution," by Edward I. Bell. Mr. Bell pays me an appreciative, but undeserved, compliment by saying, "Of all the special American investigators who have reported to the Administration on Mexican conditions, the best-informed, and therefore the most dependable, is Dr. Henry Allen Tupper, of the International Peace Forum." He then proceeds to show that he was totally misinformed as to my attitude toward Señor Venustiano Carranza and my services for the pacification of Mexico in the following particulars:

First, Mr. Bell says: "There were a few months at the beginning in which Dr. Tupper was not without hope that Carranza would do what Mr. Bryan wished, and he is again to-day, for some reason I do not understand, cherishing the hope that Carranza is the coming man in Mexico." From the spring of 1913, when Señor Carranza repudiated the claims of Huerta, I have persistently and consistently, on the platform, through the press, and in the social circle, defended the personal character and patriotic purposes of Señor Carranza, and I have never ceased to hope that he, properly supported, would solve the vexed questions in Mexico.

Second, again: "He [Dr. Tupper] labored patiently to that end, only to discover that Carranza was merely a sign under which a business of unspeakable villainy was carried on." No such discovery was made by me, and no statement to this effect was ever spoken or written by me.

Third: "His discovery, promptly communicated to Mr. Bryan, proved unwelcome." No communication of the kind was ever

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given to Mr. Bryan, either verbally or in writing, by me.

Fourth, again: "Dr. Tupper kept on, at his own expense, but his secret advices to Mr. Bryan have not yet seen the light of day." No secret advices were sent to Mr. Bryan by me on this or any other subject at any time.

Fifth, again: "The lawlessness of Carranza's advance agent, Blanco, and his savages, when they entered Mexico City in August, 1914, was a vivid demonstration to Dr. Tupper of the awfulness of the thing we are aiding, and he withheld nothing of it from the Secretary of State." I was not in Mexico during August, 1914, knew nothing of the lawlessness of Blanco, and, of course, did not make a report to any one on the subject.

Sixth, again: "He was in Mexico City during the months Carranza was enthroned there. The burlesque of government carried on by the First Chief, the desperate greed of his officers and men and the free hand they were allowed in robbing and killing, the unprintable outrages on churchmen and churchwomen, and the debauching and ruin of churches—these things Dr. Tupper reported with exactness to Mr. Bryan at Washington." I was not "months" in Mexico City when Señor Carranza was there, and no report was made by me on the condition of affairs in that city.

Seventh, again: "It was dependable information, and it came with deep regret from Dr. Tupper, who saw the abyss into which we had plunged by the Administration's unwise support of unworthy men." No such information was given, no such regret was felt, and no such vision appeared before me.

Eighth, after speaking of Mr. West's report and its appalling effect on the President, these words occur: "By this time the alarm had spread through Administration circles, and Mr. Bryan's Mexican course was precipitating a Cabinet crisis, when Dr. Henry Allen Tupper's determined stand was taken. Mr. Bryan resigned." This veiled hint that my "determined stand" was against Señor Carranza, and that any action of mine contributed to the resignation of Mr. Bryan, is without any foundation in fact. Since the opening of this revolution in 1913 my "determined stand" has been manifested in my unwavering friendship for the First Chief; and my hope, at this time, in the international support of his position and the fruition of his ideals is brighter than ever.

HENRY ALLEN TUPPER.

New York, October 20.

FROM A MEXICAN EDUCATOR

Editors of The Outlook:

Mr. Bell's articles on the Mexican problem recently appearing in The Outlook have led me to believe that the American public ought to have the real facts on the Mexican situation. Many people look only on the surface, and it would seem that many Americans have hardly seen even the surface of this problem. I could not help being greatly shocked by Mr. Bell's articles. Surely Mr. Bell has misunderstood the real problem, or he has willfully misrepresented things in order to prove his own theories.

I am a native Mexican and have lived in Mexico all my life with the exception of two years spent as a student in Massachusetts and the last six years as a professor in Nashville, Tennessee. Since I left, however, I have traveled in Mexico nearly every year, and have kept up correspondence with many trustworthy people in different parts of the Republic. I have had opportunity to study very closely our social and political conditions. The last eleven years of my residence in Mexico I was General Superintendent of Education and Principal of the State Normal School in the State of Coahuila.

Far from being a tyrant, as Mr. Bell's article on "Carranza—A Criminal Solution" calls him, General Carranza is a great lover of democracy. I have known General Carranza and his family for twenty years and have had very close relationships with him. He is a well-educated man, of great ability and high ideals, with long experience in public life, and with definite aims and purposes. He is a man of great vision and constructive mind.

As a military leader General Carranza has naturally had to comply with military discipline, but this does not mean that he fails to understand human rights and does not have a high regard for them. It is unfair to make him responsible for all the excesses that may have been committed by his followers. One of Mr. Bell's fallacies consists in attributing to General Carranza all that Villa has done. The two men are as different as night and day. I personally know that General Carranza's men are not given to robbing and plundering, as the article states. I have a brother and a nephew who are generals in

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his army. Another nephew is a lieutenant-colonel. Several other members of my family are with General Carranza, and I know whereof I speak.

As a soldier his campaigns against Huerta and Villa have been conducted so systematically and successfully that they stand as really monumental achievements. His strength has been shown in his handling of baffling international complications and in his stand against Huerta and Villa. I am sure that history will give him a very distinguished place. I believe that he is the man for the Presidency of Mexico, and many others think the same.

The characterization of General Gonzales as a mill-hand is misleading. I was personally acquainted with General Gonzales before the Madero revolution started. His family owned a large flour mill, on which he has a lease. He is a bright, self-made man, talks English fluently, and is a well-read Mexican gentleman. He has shown a great deal of tact and ability as a general, and in Mexico City he is admired as a military ruler in spite of press despatches to the contrary. He is a man of conciliatory spirit. He has invited all the members of the old Mexican army to receive an annuity, and has several hundred of them enrolled in the reserve with half-salaries. He has declared a general amnesty, and during my visit to the City of Mexico recently about three thousand Zapatistas surrendered. He is paying rent for the house in which he lives, in spite of Mr. Bell's statement that he and his men are taking everything for themselves. He could surely have occupied some of the houses belonging to vanquished enemies, at least while the campaign lasts.

I have just returned from a trip to Mexico, in which I spent about five weeks looking into general conditions. I traveled by rail from Laredo to Monterey, thence to Tampico; by boat to Vera Cruz, and rail to Mexico City, where I spent two weeks. From there I went by rail to Queretaro, San Luis Potosí, Saltillo, and Piedras Negras—altogether more than sixteen hundred miles. I saw many things and talked with many old friends. Some of them are for keeping out of this struggle, some are for Carranza, others are against him. From these first-hand observations I can say that Mr. Bell is wrong in many of his statements of facts as to the conditions in Mexico at the present time.

There is no famine in the City of Mexico. Prices are lower than in the United States. I recently paid 42 cents for a room with an office adjoining in a first-class hotel in Mexico City. Such a meal as I could hardly get in the United States for 75 cents cost only 28 cents. Corn is plentiful and costs not more than 60 cents to 70 cents a bushel. Beef and fish cost about 12 cents a pound. One of the fallacies of Mr. Bell and others consists in giving prices in Mexican currency, without stating the equivalent of that money in currency of the United States.

Mr. Bell does not understand the educational question of Mexico. The Diaz government never tried to wage a campaign in behalf of education. The eight hundred thousand pupils said to be in school in 1910, which Mr. Bell cites to prove that the majority of Mexican children can read and write, betrays him. The lowest basis of estimate allows fifteen per cent of any population as children of school age. That would give Mexico 2,250,000 children of school age, so that if Mr. Bell's figures of 800,000 are correct only about thirty-five per cent of the school population was in school. On the other hand, General Carranza realizes the need of public education, and in the midst of the difficult military campaign he has sent about one hundred and twenty-five Mexican teachers to study American methods of education to Massachusetts, New York, and Tennessee. The Constitutionalist government is paying all their expenses.

The question of monopoly is entirely misrepresented. During the last ten years of the Diaz régime the public had to pay in Mexico 95 cents per gallon for kerosene oil (47½ cents United States currency), when it is worth only about 10 cents in this country, and that in spite of the fact that Mexico has some of the richest oil wells in the world and that the concessionnaires were exempt from taxation. Were there any monopolies then? Let me recall the banking system, with more than seven hundred million Mexican dollars invested, with exclusive use of the word "bank," paying from 11 per cent to 30 per cent annual dividends to shareholders, and exempt from taxes of all kinds for twenty-five years.

The real objection to General Carranza emanates from those who would have in his place a tool of their own interests and who find him instead a man of large experience and great strength, thoroughly familiar with the Mexican people and problems.

In conclusion, let me say that Mr. Bell's

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misrepresentation of facts ought not to be accepted. I am sorry that I cannot discuss all of his points, but the readers of The Outlook ought to know that Mr. Bell has shown himself a very skillful advocate of the *científicos* and the real enemy of Mexico and the United States. I am ready and able to substantiate my statements.

New York, October 19. ANDRÉS OSUNA.

HUERTA AND CARRANZA

Editors of The Outlook:

In his article on Señor Carranza in your issue of October 6 Mr. Edward I. Bell makes many statements which, to say the least, are based on misinformation. Among them he says:

> Carranza's departure from Saltillo [in February, 1913] was a matter of no special moment locally, although he was Governor of the State. Respect for his authority had dwindled to the zero mark.

The facts are that on February 19, the day following that on which Carranza, then Governor of the State of Coahuila, received the telegram from Huerta saying that he, Huerta, had assumed executive power and had imprisoned President Madero and his Cabinet and calling for Mr. Carranza's submission and allegiance as Governor of the State, he, Carranza, immediately and without hesitation, summoned the State Legislature. He submitted the case of the usurpation of Huerta to the Legislature and urged the Deputies to pass a resolution "in accord with legal principles and with the interest of the country." A decree was issued the same day by the State Legislature, even before the assassination of President Madero, refusing recognition to the usurper and conferring upon the Governor of the State, Señor Venustiano Carranza, extraordinary faculties to "exercise those powers deemed necessary and proceed to arm forces to aid in sustaining constitutional order in the Republic."

I write as a member of the Constitutionalist party and as a personal friend and supporter of Señor Carranza.

HERIBERTO BARRON.

Washington, October 18.

A PERSONAL VIEW OF CARRANZA

Editors of The Outlook:

After a ten-year residence in Mexico and several years' rather intimate acquaintance with Don Venustiano Carranza, I feel it incumbent upon me to say that Mr. Bell's article on "Carranza—A Criminal Solution" seems to me to be very unfair.

My relationship with Señor Carranza began when he came to the international boundary line to meet Don Francisco Madero, who was making his triumphal entry into Mexico after his revolution had been won. When I saw these two men embrace, I could not help wishing that the big, stalwart, well-poised man of logic, instead of the little, excitable man of vision, was going to the capital to direct the affairs of the nation.

At this time he visited the People's Institute, of which I was director, and, on being told by the Presidente Municipal that all those leading men in the new democratic life of the district had been previously trained in the debating club, the lecture courses, or the night classes of the Institute, he became interested in the multiplying of such institutions, and said that if twenty-five of these could be established over Mexico revolutions would soon be a thing of the past.

As the basis of our friendship was our common interest in this kind of education, and not in any way political, I feel that I knew the real man, especially during the time he was working out the problems of the Governorship of Coahuila. I never saw a man enter into the hard task of bettering labor conditions, equalizing taxation, and extending the educational work of his State with more enthusiasm and apparently with a greater desire to serve his people. Several times he mentioned to me that he had been called to Mexico City by the Madero government, but said that his greatest ambition was to work out the problems of his own State, and that only the direst necessity would cause him to abandon his work as Governor for any other position. I would say that the greatest disappointment of his life came when he was compelled to abandon these administrative reforms to take up the duties of a soldier.

When Madero was murdered and Señor Carranza became the head of the revolutionary movement, he had his headquarters for six months opposite my residence. I saw him practically every day and knew the group of young men whom he gathered around him. His family and mine visited back and forth, and when conditions became so dangerous in Mexico that it was no longer safe for his family to be there it was our privilege to take them across the international

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boundary and to witness the sad parting scene between the man who was leaving for the front and his wife and daughters who were fleeing for safety in the other direction.

In all of these intimate relationships I never saw anything in Señor Carranza that led me to believe that he was not perfectly sincere in his professions of love for his people. It happened that a hundred or more of the young men whom I taught in Mexico entered the Constitutionalist army, which is almost entirely an organization of young men. From them I have always heard the highest praise of the personality of Señor Carranza. I do not hold a brief for his political opinions nor justify the many abuses committed by his followers, which, as one reads history, are found very similar to what has happened in all other nations in periods of violent political eruption. I do feel, however, after intimate personal acquaintanceship, that I ought to say that the beneficent lines of the photograph you published in the same issue portray far more truly the real Carranza than does the word picture of Mr. Bell.

May I add a further word concerning General Pablo Gonzales, whom your article characterizes as a mill-hand? He is only a mill-hand in the sense that he owns a large flour mill. He is a well-educated gentleman, capable of discussing the problems of Mexico from a historical and constitutional standpoint in either English or Spanish, such a man as any gentleman would be glad to receive and talk with concerning the problems of the day.

A personal characteristic of Señor Carranza which has made him greatly misunderstood in the United States is one not often credited to Mexicans—a dogged determination. He believes that the reform movements of Juarez, Madero, and others were defeated because of hasty compromises with undemocratic elements, and that permanent peace will come to Mexico only after a fight to the finish, when all will clearly recognize the decision. It is this belief, rather than a lack of friendship for the United States, that has led him to refuse many suggestions from our Government and insist that the Mexicans themselves must settle their own affairs, which are so complicated as to baffle the keenest foreigner. The very great difficulty that foreigners find in understanding Mexican problems is to me one of the outstanding reasons why they should not intervene in settling her troubles.

New York, October 19. S. G. INMAN.

A PEACE HERO OF FIVE WARS

PROBABLY no other civilian has ever been decorated by five emperors; only a great personality, standing at the crossroads of the earth, could win from the rulers of a billion people this unique honor which is possessed by Dr. Dugald Christie, of Mukden, Manchuria, whose portrait appears on another page.

A man must be of imperial size to merit such distinction, and as physician, missionary, educator, and administrator Dr. Christie has measured up to an extraordinary opportunity. More than thirty years ago, against the advice of professors and friends who saw a promising "career" spoiled by immuring his talents in the wastes of China, Dr. Christie went from Edinburgh to Mukden as a missionary of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. That was in the days when Manchuria was a *terra incognita* and nobody had dreamed the dream of a trans-Siberian railway.

A surgeon's lancet opened the door of opportunity which centuries of anti-foreign prejudice had kept shut. An eye specialist, Dr. Christie early had some remarkable cases of cataract cures, and the fame of the foreigner who could make the blind see spread widely. Shrewdly, the young physician perceived the importance of understanding the Chinese view-point: he specialized in native medicine and manners. Etiquette may be negligible in the West, but not in a land where you may grossly insult a man by walking to the north of him instead of to the south, or by meeting him at the door of your office instead of at the gate of your courtyard, or by offering him any other than a certain seat. Inevitably, Dr. Christie early became the friend of a long line of Chinese

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officials, from Yuan Shi-kai down, who sought his counsel when the increasing perplexities of contact with the Western nations arose.

Five wars have raged in China, affecting the little Scotch doctor, since first he became a resident of the ancient capital of the Manchus. First was the Chino-French War, of 1884–5, with its ominous backwater of anti-foreign sentiment throughout the Empire. The Chino-Japanese War, in 1894, brought both opportunities and complications, for there were only a few foreign doctors to minister to all the Chinese wounded who might be brought to the rear. Vivid pictures of those dramatic days are in Dr. Christie's new book, "Thirty Years in the Manchu Capital."

Worse was to come when the Boxer madness broke out in 1900. Remaining until the last day, and leaving only because the native Christians said, "If you stay, we will stay and die with you; if you go, we may be able to hide," not a stick or a stone of the mission compound or residence or hospital was left when Dr. Christie returned to Mukden, and many of his Christians had died for the Name.

In the Russo-Japanese War Dr. Christie was the friend and helper of all parties to the Battle of Mukden, and of the suffering Chinese especially; for non-combatants fare sorely in war. His hospital cared for Japanese, Russians, and Chinese, and he was the man on the spot trusted by all sides. The watch with the Russian crest upon it which he wears as a personal gift of the Czar, and a decoration from the Empress Dowager of Russia, express Russian appreciation; the Japanese Empress sent a deputation of noble ladies to thank Dr. Christie for his merciful ministrations to the Japanese; and the Emperor of Japan bestowed upon him the Imperial Red Cross. He had long been a blue-button mandarin, in token of his varied services to the Chinese, and the late Emperor of China had given him the Order of the Imperial Double Dragon. His own sovereign created him Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

More acceptable to this modest missionary doubtless than all his baubles from the world's rulers is the fact that the Chinese, high and low, honor and love him. The day before I visited the Summer Palace at Peking with him he had been received in audience by the Emperor; and when later we went over to the old Manchu palace at Mukden together the minor officials in charge displayed every deference to him. The local government gave the land on which stands his new medical college, and makes a yearly grant-in-aid for this institution for the training of Chinese physicians in Western science.

The fifth of the wars through which Dr. Christie has passed was the revolution which made China a Republic. Another war not listed in military annals gave him his greatest opportunity. This was when Western science grappled with and conquered the dread pneumonic plague in Manchuria in 1910–11. All alert medical men the world around know Dr. Christie's part in that struggle; he it was who, after the hand-to-hand fight with the plague was over, called and prepared for the international conference at Mukden, which resulted in the discovery of the germ of this disease which hitherto has killed every victim it has attacked. Dr. Christie's noble young assistant, Dr. Arthur Jackson, fell in the fight, but his memorial stands in Mukden, a token of China's gratitude. Dr. Richard P. Strong, then of Manila, now of Harvard, and leader of the anti-typhus work in Servia, has found the antitoxin for the plague.

At that crisis in Mukden's history, when even certain foreign consuls were fleeing from the mysterious and devastating visitant, the Viceroy turned the city over to Dr. Christie's control, thereby thwarting the designs of a certain foreign Power which had planned to seize it, ostensibly in the interests of public health. That, however, is a matter of *haute politique*, and because he has so long been at the center of international intrigues, Dr. Christie refuses to discuss them. He says he is only an ordinary missionary!

WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

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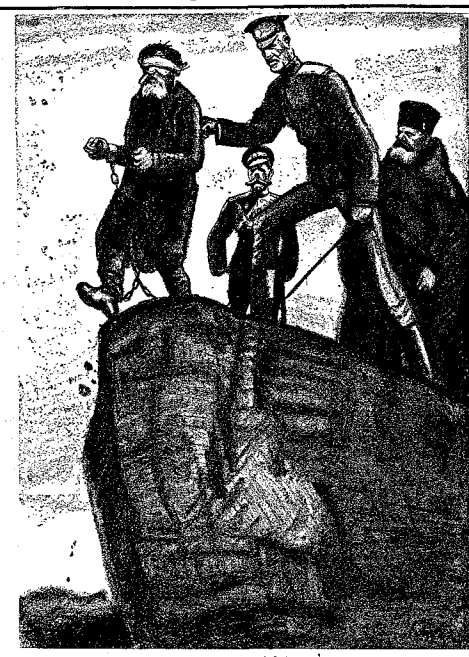
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

From the Montreal Daily Star

THE NEW RECRUIT—WILL HE BALK AT THE LAST MOMENT?

THE CAUSE OF CIVILIZATION AS ENGLAND'S SYMPATHIZERS SEE IT

From Simplicissimus (Munich)



THE RUSSIAN PEASANT'S FATE

"Now, then, go ahead! Victory lies before you!"
[The Grand Duke Nicholas pushes the victim on while the Czar and the Procurator approve.]

RUSSIAN FATUITY AS THE GERMANS SEE IT

From the New York Evening Sun

AMBASSADOR, WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE CHARGE LONG AGO?

A GOOD WORD FOR VON BERNSTORFF

From the New York World

HIS FAVORITE CHILD

THE BOOM IN WAR STOCKS

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From the New York World

Socialist orator who has just delivered a stinging tirade against the army, navy, National Guard, the police, and organized authority in general:
"Mr. Officer, will you kindly remove these boys? They are disturbing the meeting."

THEORY VS. PRACTICE

From the New York Times

DISCHARGING THE COOK
Uncle Sam to Carranza—Go ahead and prove that you're the boss!

MEXICO'S DOMESTIC PROBLEM—CAN CARRANZA SOLVE IT?

From Le Rire (Paris)

THE RETREATING RUSSIANS
"The farther the Germans' enemy goes the bigger he gets"

AN OPTIMISTIC FRENCH VIEW OF THE RUSSIAN REVERSES

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, EX-PRIZEFIGHTER, NOW FIGHTER OF SALOONS

The one-time champion pugilist has just signed a five-year contract to speak against John Barleycorn and all his works, in every part of the United States. From being an advocate and frequenter of the saloon Sullivan has become one of its most influential opponents. See editorial comment about this remarkable recruit to the temperance cause

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PHOTOGRAPH BY C. CHUSSEAU FLAVIENS, PARIS

HENRI FABRE AND MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY

This famous French entomologist and philosopher, whose career is sketched on another page, recently died at the advanced age of ninety-two. He has been called the "Homer of the Insects," in recognition of his literary skill in describing the subjects of his lifelong study. Fabre was twice married. His second marriage occurred after he was sixty; two daughters were born of this marriage, and it is understood that they appear in the above picture, at the right, with a daughter by his first marriage at the left

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THE PRESIDENT'S RECREATION—AT THE "WORLD'S SERIES"

As President, Mr. Roosevelt's favorite recreation was lawn tennis; Mr. Taft while President was a devotee of golf; although President Wilson is a golfer, he is also a baseball "fan." In this illustration he is shown as a spectator at Philadelphia at one of the championship games between Philadelphia and Boston. Next to him stands his fiancée, Mrs. Galt; next to her, Mayor Blankenburg

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PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

GREEK HIGHLANDERS

The picturesque costume of these Greek soldiers invites a comparison with that of the Highlanders of Scotland. Events may yet bring the Highlanders of the two nations into action on the same field—in co-operation, it may be hoped

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

THE INVENTOR OF THE DIRIGIBLE BALLOONS THAT ARE MAKING WAR ON ENGLAND

Count Zeppelin, who occupies the center of the above group, has shown great ingenuity and perseverance in his attempts to perfect aerial war craft. It is regrettable that these gigantic dirigible balloons have been employed in warfare on civilians rather than on military forces

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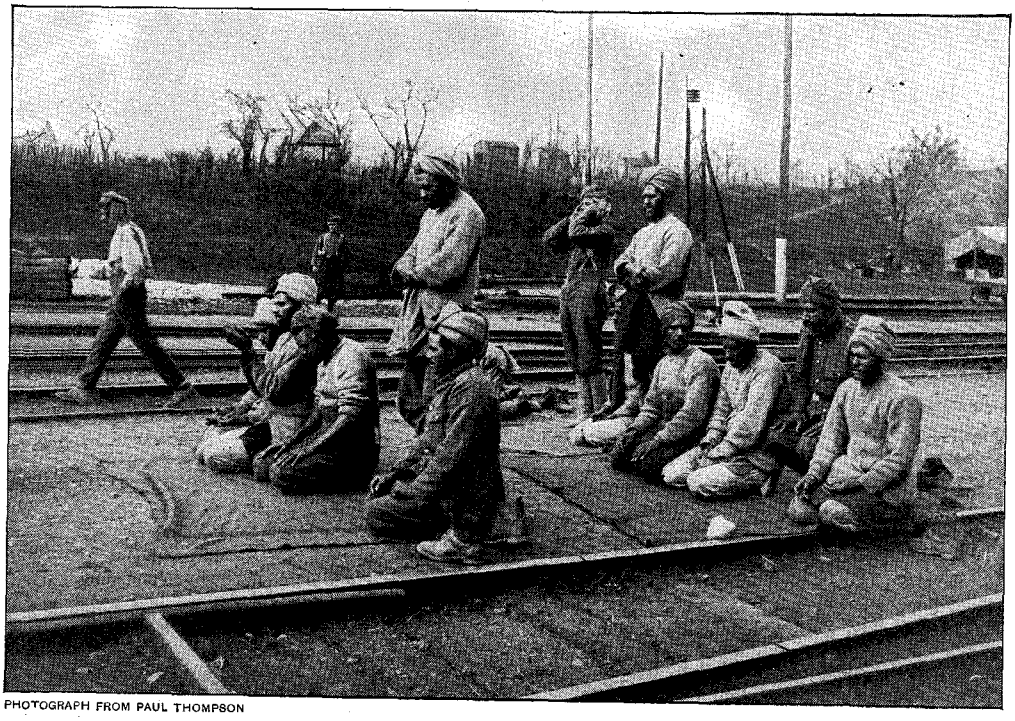
PHOTOGRAPH FROM PAUL THOMPSON

FRENCH SOLDIERS HEARING MASS IN ALSACE



PHOTOGRAPH FROM PAUL THOMPSON

EAST INDIAN SOLDIERS AT THEIR DEVOTIONS "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

DEVOTIONAL ASPECTS OF THE WAR

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HONORING THE STREET CLEANERS OF A GREAT CITY

A vast multitude of admiring onlookers thronged New York City's streets recently to inspect the "march-past" of the Street Cleaning Department. The spectacle was one to justify pride both on the part of the men who do this arduous but necessary work and of those for whom it is done. In the picture the band that leads the procession is composed entirely of members of the street-cleaning force

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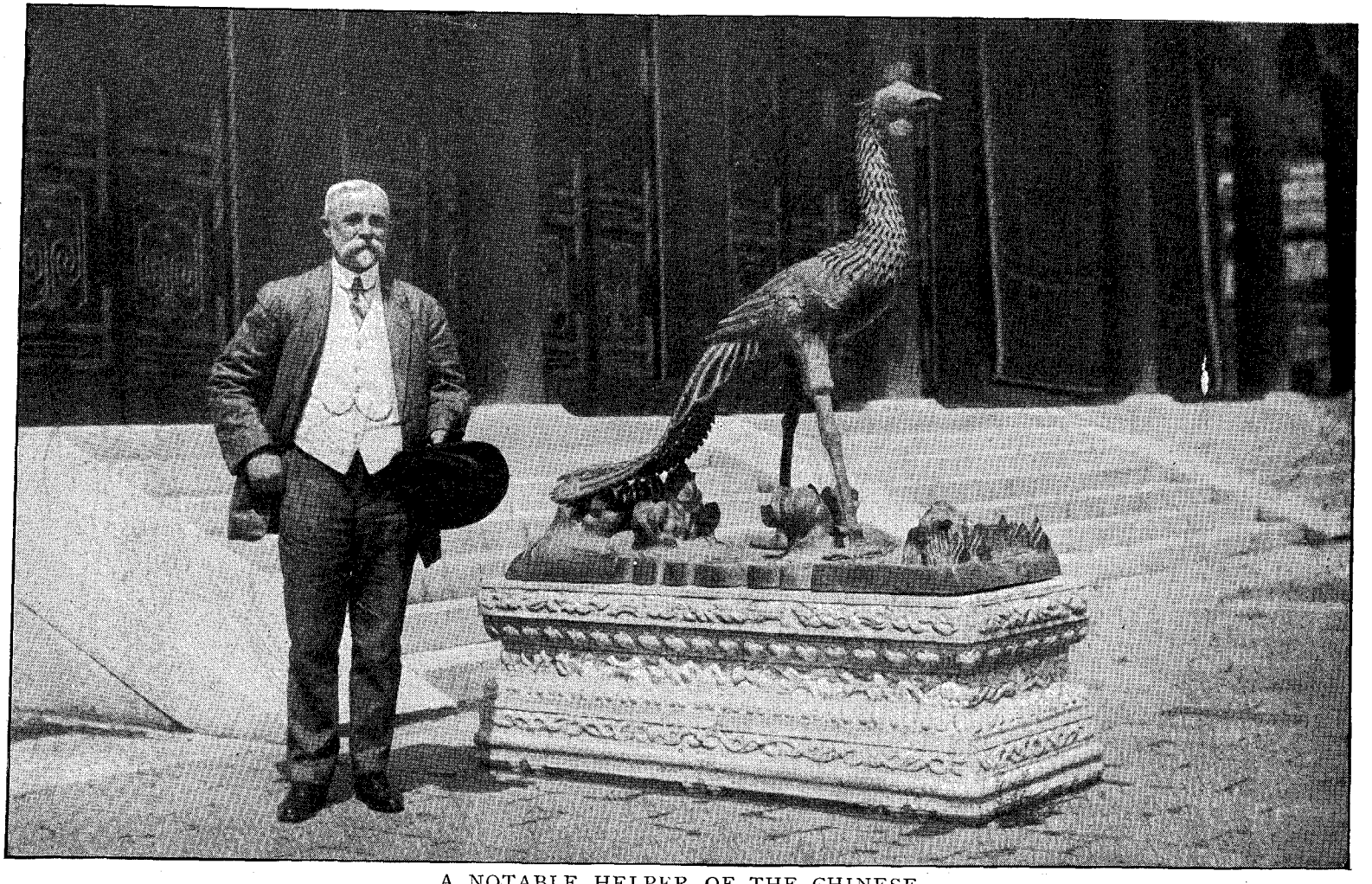

A NOTABLE HELPER OF THE CHINESE

Dr. Dugald Christie, whose photograph appears above as he stands at the entrance of the Summer Palace at Peking, beside one of the great bronze peacocks that guard the portal, has spent most of his active life in Manchuria, in the vicinity of its capital, Mukden. He has been popular alike with the thousands of poor patients whom he has relieved and with the highest dignitaries of the Empire and the Republic. In his recently published book, "Thirty Years in the Manchu Capital," many of his experiences during the stirring times through which he has lived are vividly described. See article in this issue, "A Peace Hero of Five Wars"

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THE KING OF GREECE AND THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE

This photograph of Eleutherios Venizelos and of King Constantine of Greece was taken before the former had resigned his position as Premier. Well-informed persons believe, however, that the influence of Mr. Venizelos as a private citizen is still the most potent existing force with the people of Greece, and that at any time he may be called back to his position as the head of the Greek Cabinet

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THE MOUNTAIN DWELLER

UNCLE SAM IN THE APPALACHIA

BY LOUISE RAND BASCOM

A QUARTER of a century or more ago the necessity for a National reservation in the Appalachia was agitated. Time and again Congressional appropriations were asked and denied. Business men deemed it inadvisable that the most valuable hardwood forests in the United States should be ruthlessly destroyed; the botanically inclined, with their knowledge of the rare, frail shortia, the bronze and green galax, and the many varieties of ferns found nowhere else in the world, regretted to see these and other unusual plants exterminated by constant and unnecessary fires; while the tourist, who found the scenic splendors of certain parts of this region unequaled in any other country on the globe, despaired because the beauties of its blossoming mountain-sides, leaping falls, and magnificent gorges were unknown to any save the picturesque but somewhat unappreciative local inhabitants. Few who demanded or begged for Government control had any realization of what a tedious process the taking over of these lands would be. Indeed, popular supposition apparently tends towards the belief that Uncle Sam has but to wave his hand in an Aladdinesque manner over certain acreage to become possessed of it. Those who have followed the working out of the Weeks Law of 1911, with its provision for the acquisition of six million acres of land on the head-waters of navigable Appalachian streams, know that this has been no snap-of-the-finger movement, but a task almost beyond accomplishment. The reasons for the encountered difficulties are partly accounted for by the inaccessibility of much of the land, the hostility and ignorance of many of the people who own it, and the unfortunate system of grants in a number of States which have made boundaries so uncertain that the phrase is current, "You may hold the deeds, but you can't hold the land."

The whole process of bringing coral-cupped kalmia, scarlet oak, and long-leafed pine

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under Government control is most interesting. As early as 1899 geological experts were sent to the Appalachia to make topographical maps, which were later to be used as a basis for dividing the desired territory into eighteen purchase areas. Each of these —after the $2,000,000 a year Weeks appropriation—was put in charge of one or more men technically trained in forestry. It was then suggested that the rocky cliffs and rhododendron ravines be offered for sale. Some of the owners had so long paid taxes on their property without any returns that they eagerly signed contracts giving the Secretary of Agriculture options on it. Others argued that if their possessions were valuable enough to buy they must be worth keeping, and it took many explanations to assure these incredulous graybeards that the Government sought no mineral deposits or good agricultural tracts, but had as its sole object the protection of the soil from disastrous erosion and the prevention of the destruction of the soil cover.

Even if the mountain dweller did comprehend these things, the fact that the Government constitutes the would-be purchaser is enough to make him stubborn, for in portions of Kentucky, Tennessee, the Virginias, Georgia, and the Carolinas colorful traditions of Government cruelty have been kept alive by blood-curdling ballads and gruesome tales. The original estrangement occurred through attempted regulation of the illicit whisky traffic. Many thought it their right to get the highest possible price for corn, whatever its form, and bitterly resented Uncle Sam's belief to the contrary. As is sometimes the case when justice sets to work, the newly initiated into unlawfulness in a few instances received sentences which should have fallen on the shoulders of veteran wrongdoers, and when one or two of these unfortunate youths by chance died in the penitentiary they straightway became martyrs to the injustice of Uncle Sam. As a result, the Government representative, no matter to what branch he belongs, is merely a "feller that'll git ye inter trouble," and much tact, human understanding, and patience have been required from men in the Forestry Service in order to induce many to offer their lands, although under ordinary circumstances they would have been glad to sell to any one.

When the owner of a cosmos-encircled cabin has at last been persuaded to give the Government an option on his property, the following *modus operandi* is customary: Skilled estimators are first sent to the offered tract. Taking a base line, or possibly bisecting the land in question, they run a line sixty-six feet wide and perpendicular to the taken line every quarter of a mile. In each of these strips are then estimated the amount of standing timber, the kinds and quality of the trees, the board feet and tan bark in each, the character and quality of the soil, and the value of the tract as a whole for the production of timber; also its importance in regulating the flow of navigable streams. Basing its reply upon this report, the Washington office either agrees to pay the price asked by the owner or names a price somewhat less than the value of the land as shown by the estimate. If the owner decides to accept the Government offer, which runs from a dollar and fifteen cents to fifteen dollars an acre, he enters into an agreement with the Secretary of Agriculture. This done, title examiners begin consulting musty county and State records and expert lumbermen check up the conclusions made by the original estimators. Meantime the surveyor and his crew commence operations.

Now the mere walking that is inseparable from the foresters' work is not easy, for they must toil over hot, denuded lowland or fight their way through luxuriant mountain underbrush amounting to a jungle. Wild smilax twines here and there through the woods like green or brown barb-wire, according to its age. Its grip is unyielding and the cause of many bad falls. Blackberry brambles form impenetrable thickets at many points, and everywhere there is a dense young growth of chinquapin, dogwood, witch-hazel, sassafras, laurel, azalea, huckleberry, dog-hobble, and almost every known variety of shrub. Walking is always on a rough incline with the footing insecure from slippery pine needles, moss-hidden bogs, or from the tangle of decaying tree limbs, ferns, and small juicy plants such as the trillium, mandrake, iris, wood-betony, daisy, lady's-slipper and its sister orchids. The ground itself is rarely visible for nine months of the year, and the unforgetable warning of the rattlesnake and the stealthy oozing glide of the highland moccasin are not altogether unfamiliar. Often it is necessary to scale rocky cliffs by means of hand-cutting ropes. In 1913 the highest Carnegie hero award was made to a Blue Ridge man who climbed down a sheer precipice on Whiteside Mountain and rescued an unconscious friend who had fallen over and

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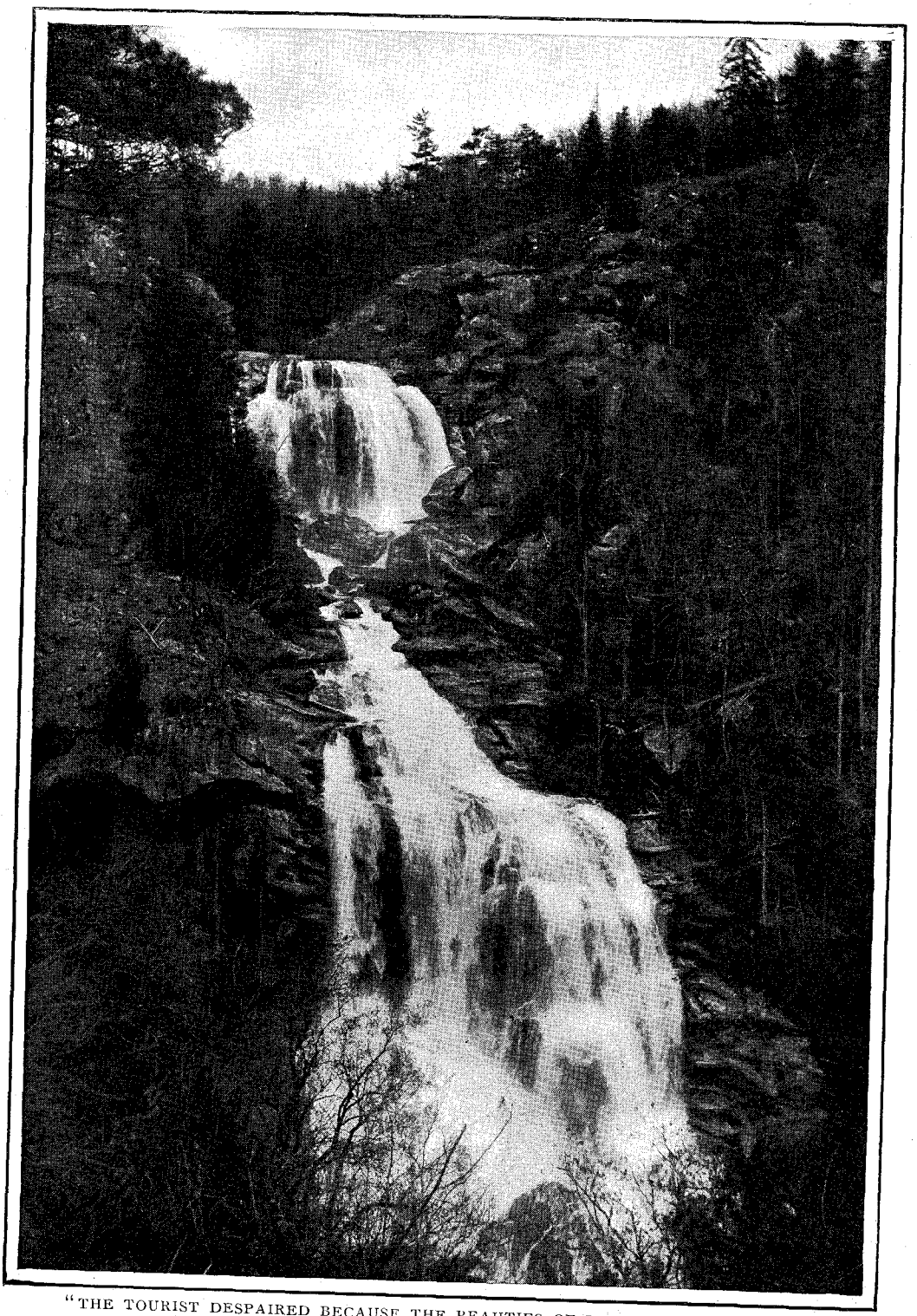

"THE TOURIST DESPAIRED BECAUSE THE BEAUTIES OF ITS LEAPING FALLS AND MAGNIFICENT GORGES WERE UNKNOWN"

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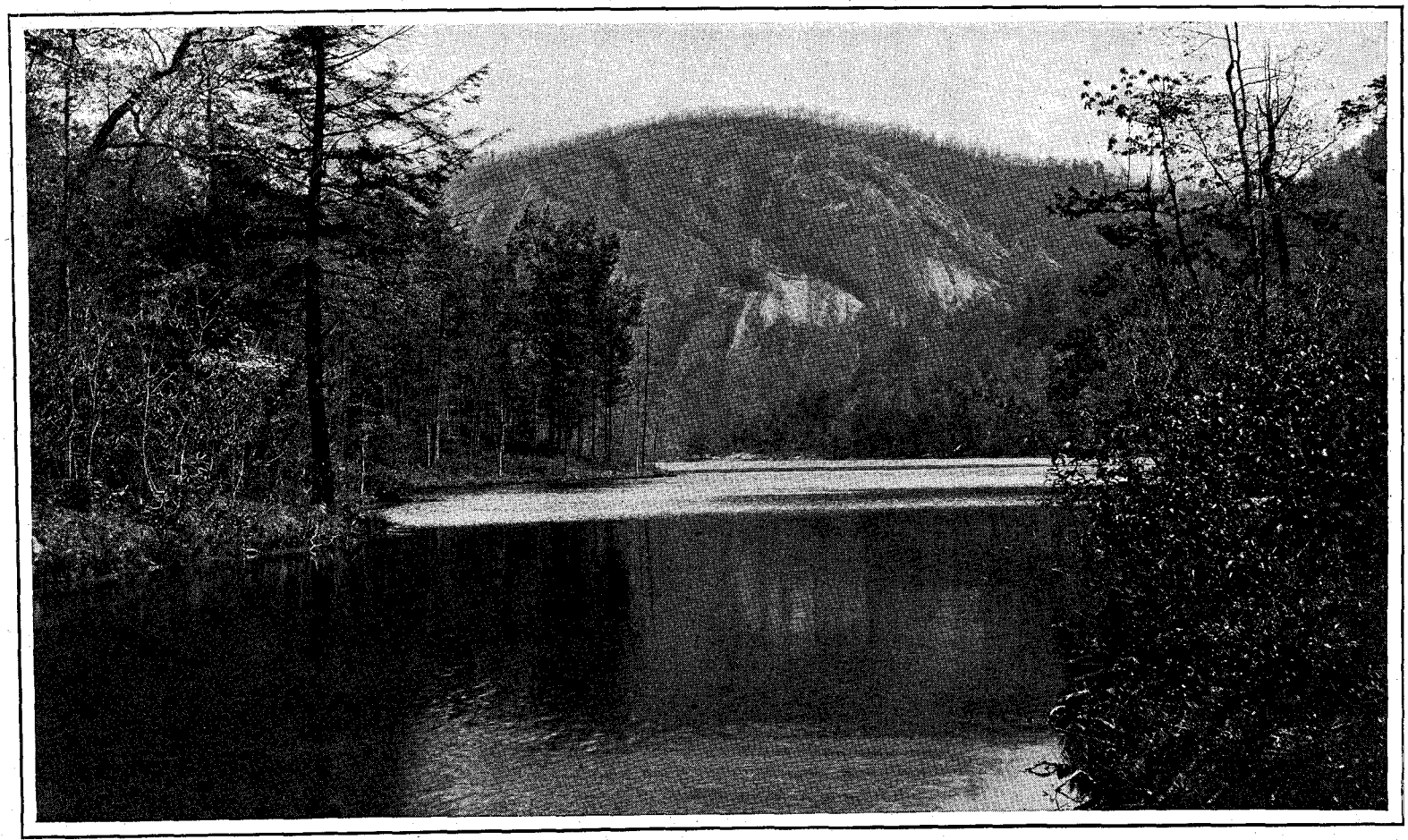

"WORTH A NATIONAL MINT"

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lodged two hundred feet below on a frail sapling above a chasm several hundred feet deep. While the hero undoubtedly deserved his gold medal and two-thousand-dollar reward, the Government foresters have scaled and rescaled the slippery sides of this great, stark mountain from all angles in the mere pursuit of their duty.

Nerve-racking as such feats may be, they are not so puzzling or trying to the surveyor as the unfortunate system of land grants that prevails in many of the Southern States before mentioned. Owing to the fact that there has never been any uniformity in recording grants, that the State has often made grants to different parties for the same lands, that the subsequent conveyances have not been recorded, and much of the original surveying was carelessly done, many persons often hold title to the same property. In one county in South Carolina taxes are being paid on three times as much land as really exists. In North Carolina the situation is almost unbelievable. The reasons for the muddle are obvious. When settlement began in the South, forests of birch, oak, hickory, maple, cherry, chestnut, pine, locust, and hemlock sold for five and twelve cents an acre. With the country worth so little, the expense of laying the land off into sections was not to be considered. Hence, a man entering land usually began at an *imaginary* stake on the Cullasaja or some other evergreen-bordered stream, and gave his calls from that point. The best-marked lines were indicated by only an occasional hack on a mossy tree-trunk, and the surveyor or his chainman were practically the only ones who could locate the irregular boundary with its thirty to one hundred and thirty corners. In some cases the surveyor himself could not, for, being so poorly paid that he could not afford to do the actual work, he often made a corner and then sat down in the shade of a tree to figure out what the lines might be, with the result that they practically never close up as they should, and a varying hiatus is left to the Government surveyor to adjust. Under such conditions it is obvious that the State officials could not tell, when another entry was made on the same creek, whether or not it overlapped the first. Consequently, not only was lapping common, but even the very same land was re-entered. When it is realized that in the little county of Macon, North Carolina, there are seventeen thousand State grants, it is not surprising that the expert who has been card-indexing grants in Raleigh for the past eight years has only begun on the confusing piles before her.

In order to help the situation somewhat, North Carolina made a law whereby the man who lived on a given tract for seven years was allowed possession of such, regardless of the previous entry—a procedure which led to feuds and land disputes. Again, in many cases men who desired water sites or locust posts or choice garden spots not included on their own land have destroyed corner trees and substituted other corners, thereby unlawfully stretching their boundaries and making condemnation proceedings inevitable. When the Government is through with its field work now, there will be no more of this trouble, as all boundaries are outlined by a red blaze on the nearest tree to the line every seventy-five to one hundred feet from one point to another.

The actual surveying and estimating form only a small part of the Government activities in a desired section. While these are going on the forest examiner in charge of the area divides it into fire districts and sees that the trustworthy local assistants he has employed construct trails to the most inaccessible spots so that these may be quickly reached in case of need. All fire trails are measured and sign-posted, and near them rakes, axes, and other fire equipment are stationed in rain-proof boxes. Fire warnings are hung through the sweet-smelling woods and keen-eyed fire guards are placed on high lookout points. As soon as they see blue-gray smoke curling up from some mountain-hemmed cove they make use of the Government telephone line erected to connect them with the office of the forest examiner in the chief village of the area. Thus a force of fire-fighters may be rushed to the front without delay. The fire problem is a serious one in the Blue Ridge, for it is a legend that the woods must be burned at least once a year in order to secure good grazing for the stock. Indeed, it is customary to see a loose-jointed countryman striding along a winding trail carrying a forked stickful of burning refuse. He jabs this into the dry leaves he passes without slackening his pace, and in an incalculably short time miles upon miles are blazing. Occasionally these fires follow an old rail fence up some mountain-side. The effect at night is that of a gigantic ruby ring or fiery serpent or some other fantastic shape, according to the meanderings of the fence. More frequently the fire creeps into forests of hemlock and rhododendron,

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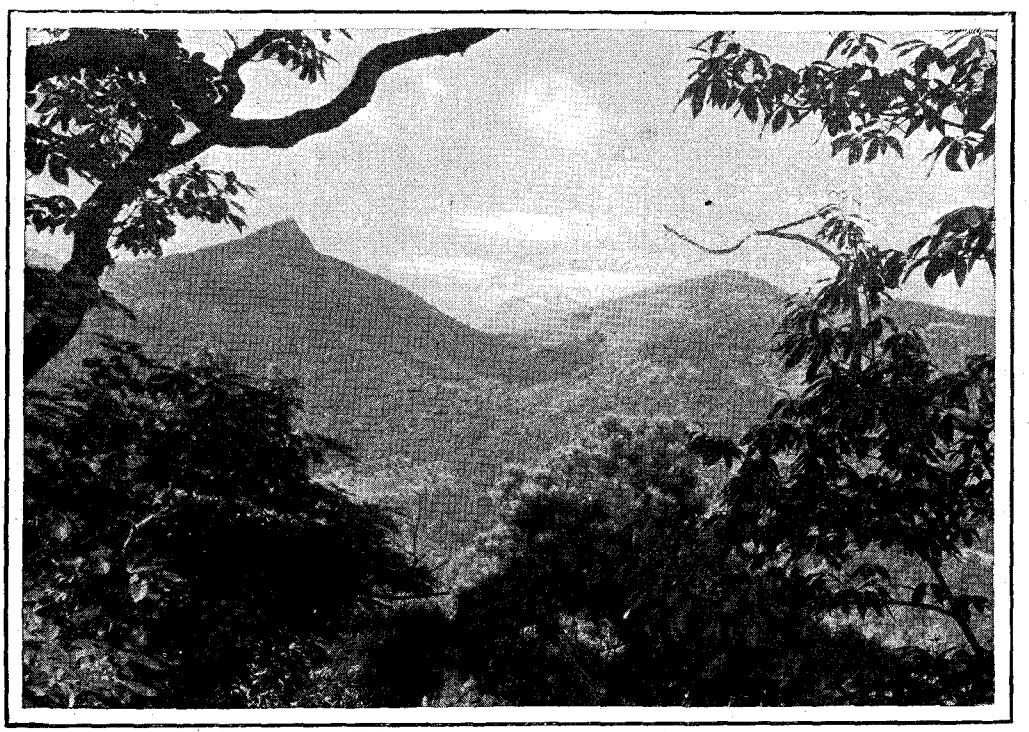

"AN APPALACHIAN MOUNTAIN-TOP"

and for great distances the flames may be seen shooting high into the air—the veritable "hell-pots" that they are called. By day the pungent odor of burning leaves and bark, combined with the thick gray haze that half veils the mountains, foreshadows desolate, blackened spots on the mountain-side. It is no easy matter to discover those responsible for the fires or to secure their co-operation in fire prevention, but this is one of the tasks which falls to the area chief. His duties do not end here. He must plan the work for the various surveyors' camps and see that food and supplies are sent them; he must issue grazing permits to those who wish to utilize Government property for this purpose, and keep those who do not pay the fees from trespassing. When he is not examining grants and asking for lands, he is supposed to be collecting a herbarium of native shrubs to reforest denuded areas and protect the small gardens started by the Government in different parts of the desired locality.

These gardens are planted by skilled agriculturists who are trying to ascertain what crops are best suited to different regions. In Highlands, North Carolina, for instance, much attention has been given to several varieties of potatoes, cabbage, and cauliflower. It may seem absurd to think of a man traveling five hundred and fifty miles to inspect three cauliflower plants several times during a season; but when it is remembered that at present nearly all our cauliflower seed is imported from Denmark and Holland, one understands Uncle Sam's interest. It is believed that the mountain region forms an ideal condition for the maturing of the plants, and if the experiments in process materialize as expected a new source of revenue will be opened to the mountaineers, as cauliflower seed brings in the neighborhood of four dollars an ounce. Again, there are statisticians who are sent out to explain satisfactorily the different curious thermal belts which seem to exist without apparent cause in the mountain sections. When they are through with their labors, doubtless the farmer who planted two vineyards less than a stone's throw apart will learn why the grapes on the higher slope ripened while those below did not.

Not only does the Government wish to make its nearly two hundred million acres of National park pay, but also it desires to be of service to the people who dwell in the vicinity of its holdings. Ultimately the people of the Blue Ridge may come to understand this policy and so become reconciled to Uncle

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Sam. At present there are at least five grievances against him: 1. The old whisky grudge. 2. The curtailing of forest-burning inclinations. 3. The enforcement of stock range laws. 4. The shrinkage in land under Uncle Sam's surveying. 5. The length of time that elapses after the Government's acceptance of land before compensation is tendered for it. The dissatisfaction over the shrinkage of land is due to the fact that the original surveys in many places were made by surface measurement, whereas the Government uses horizontal measurement. As a result, some of the owners who offered land for sale have found their possessions shrinking in size as much as ten per cent. By the time this disappointment has been accepted Uncle Sam's lack of haste in parting with his cash has been discovered and fresh grumbling has been aroused. In many instances land offered the Government in 1911 was not paid for until May, 1915. During the interim the real owners were paying taxes on it, though their claim to it under the Government option was so small that they could not cut so much as a stick of wood for their fireplaces. In June, 1915, much of the land already examined was still unpurchased. As the Weeks Law expired at the end of the month of roses, the whole Appalachian reservation will not be completed until another appropriation has been secured.

There is of course much red tape to it all, but there is also much hard, conscientious work. To see a bronzed surveyor leisurely shaving in front of some one of eight tents nestling among phlox and joepye-weed in a mountain hollow, while a transitman strums on a banjo near by or an axman practices gunnery on an inverted tin can, is perhaps to feel that the Government is giving a number of pleasant college boys a delightful vacation; but when it is remembered that their efforts will be the means of preserving the water supply to the whole Southeastern United States, the timber supply to all who need it, and perhaps a means of putting new life and ambition into many who have adopted a hand-to-mouth existence, the usefulness of Uncle Sam's representatives cannot be questioned. Indeed, if one has ever stood on an Appalachian mountain-top when the air was rich with the odor of sun-warmed grapes and the rounded hills below looked as if a jeweler's box of unset gems had been overturned there—emerald, ruby, amethyst, topaz, and opal glinting in the ever-changing lights of a blossoming sunset sky—it is to realize that the beauty alone of the oldest mountains on our continent is worth a National mint.

"LUXURIANT MOUNTAIN UNDERBRUSH"

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THE RESULTS OF THE PANAMA CANAL ON WORLD TRADE

I—NORTH AMERICA[1]

BY GEORGE H. BLAKESLEE

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS AT CLARK UNIVERSITY

"THE immediate effects of the Panama Canal may be disappointing, but the ultimate results will far surpass the dreams of the most enthusiastic." This prediction, made over two years ago by one of our American ambassadors, is now being fulfilled. The war, the resulting temporary breakdown of international credit, and the continuing scarcity of ships have reduced the tonnage which the experts calculated would pass through the Canal. It was officially estimated by the Special Commissioner on Panama Traffic, Professor E. R. Johnson, that about 10,500,000 net tons of shipping would make use of the Canal annually during the first two years of its operation, and that the tolls would amount to $12,600,000 a year. But the actual results have fallen far short of this; for the first twelve months, from August 15, 1914, to the close of August 14, 1915, only 4,596,644 net tons of shipping went through the Canal, and only $5,216,144.26 were earned in tolls. In other words, the tonnage and the tolls for the year are each less than one-half of what was expected.

Yet it seems almost certain that after the war is over, when international commerce has fully adjusted itself to this new route, and the new business fields made possible by the Canal have been sufficiently developed, these official estimates of a couple of years ago will even be exceeded.

UNITED STATES COASTWISE TRAFFIC

Already the United States coast-to-coast trade is surprisingly heavy. Its proportion of the total Canal freight for the first year is between three and four times as large as the official expert predicted. Instead of being only ten per cent, it is about thirty-five per cent of the total. The aggregate amount of this traffic also has surpassed expectations. Professor Johnson stated that about 1,000,000 net tons of American coastwise shipping would use the Canal the first year; the figures for the first twelve months are 1,475,131 net tons—that is, the actual coast-to-coast ship tonnage now going through the Canal is nearly fifty per cent in excess of the estimates.

Eight regular steamship lines, with over sixty steamers, are transporting this freight between our Eastern and Western seaboards. The largest of these companies is the American-Hawaiian, which formerly operated separate Atlantic and Pacific services in connection with the Mexican Railroad at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Its fleet of twenty-six steamers, eight of them completed a year ago in anticipation of the heavy traffic through the Canal, are now sailing from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, and the Gulf ports to San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, and Honolulu. One of these ships passes through the Canal, on an average, every three days. The Luckenbach Steamship Company, which previously had six vessels on the Atlantic coast and four on the Pacific, now has fifteen in a regular service between New York and the ports of California. The Atlantic and Pacific Company, between New York and San Francisco, is operating seven or eight steamers, four of which were built especially for the Panama route; while the Panama Pacific Line is sending the fast large passenger ships Kroonland and Finland regularly through the Canal. In addition, a number of new steamers are now being built in American ship-yards for this coast-to-coast trade; three of them were ordered a few months ago by W. R. Grace & Co., for their Atlantic and Pacific line, at a cost of some $3,000,000; while three others for the large American-Hawaiian fleet will be completed during the coming winter and spring.

Each of these ships, if of average size—that is, between 5,000 and 6,000 gross tonnage—carries as much cargo as 300 to 400 freight cars. The time which they are making

[1] For previous articles in this series see The Outlook for August 25 and September 22 last. An article to follow will deal with South America and the Far East.—THE EDITORS

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is nearly as fast as that of their rivals, the transcontinental railways. It takes the regular steamers from twenty to twenty-seven days between New York and San Francisco, as against eighteen to twenty-five days by ordinary freight; the large passenger lines, which also carry cargo, make the voyage in seventeen days, while by rail the fast freights between the same cities average from twelve to fifteen days.

The shipments through the Canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast have comprised a wide range of miscellaneous cargo, although coal, various kinds of manufactured goods, especially steel and steel products, have formed a noticeably large part. On the return trips have come heavy consignments of lumber; canned salmon from Alaska and the Columbia River (a single ship brought 5,000,000 cans, or 200 freight-car loads); sugar from Honolulu; fresh and canned apples and wheat from Oregon and Washington; raisins, prunes, canned fruit and vegetables, barrels of wine and barley from California.

The reduction in freight rates which Panama at once brought about was very striking, as may be seen from a comparison of the first tariff schedule of the Panama steamship lines with that of the railways. The following charges were for car-load lots from coast to coast:

Westbound.	Panama.	All-Rail.
Steel plates	$100	$320
Dry goods	522	1,080
Canned goods	260	360
Eastbound.	**Panama.**	**All-Rail.**
Canned salmon	$120	$340
Dried fruit	160	440

"These rates, both east and west bound," said the General Manager of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce soon after the Canal was opened, "are forty per cent lower with tolls than shippers expected they would be without tolls."

Some increases have been made in these rates during the year, which seem to be justified by the general advance which the war has caused in shipping tariffs throughout the world. But these changes have scarcely affected the immense advantage in cheapness of transportation which the Panama steamship lines secured at the start over the competing railways. This fact is shown by the freight schedules in force in September, 1915, by the Panama and by the all-rail routes. The following are the present rates, per 100 pounds in full car-load lots, for a half-dozen important commodities in the coast-to-coast trade:

	Panama.	All-Rail.
Brass, bronze, or copper goods	50 to 70c.	$1.25
Bars, ingots, or slabs	75c.	1.50
Cereal and cereal products	30c.	.90
Furniture	55 to 65c.	1.10
Glass, various kinds	40 to 45c.	1.25
Iron and steel articles	40c.	.90

These low freight rates by water have been drawing traffic to the Canal route from long distances inland. From the Pacific side, Montana is now sending Butte copper to New York by way of Tacoma and Panama; and the coast cities of California are finding it $5 a ton cheaper to send canned goods to St. Paul, Minnesota, via the Panama Canal and New York than by the short all-rail route. From the Atlantic, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, and even Kansas City and St. Paul, are now shipping a considerable amount of freight through the Canal to the Pacific coast. From Pittsburgh to California it costs 80 cents per 100 pounds to send finished iron and steel by rail direct; but by rail to New York and thence by steamer through Panama the total cost is only 57 cents. St. Louis saves 15 cents per 100 pounds by sending machinery bound for San Francisco via New York and Panama rather than by rail.

EFFECT ON THE RAILWAYS

The striking success of the Canal in the coast-to-coast traffic has been won on no small part at the expense of the transcontinental railways. Not all of the existing Panama cargo, to be sure, would go by rail if the Canal did not exist, for upwards of half of the present Panama coastwise tonnage was carried last year by steamers connecting with the Tehuantepec and Panama railways. Considerable new trade also has actually been created by the low rates through the Canal. This is especially noticeable in the Pacific lumber industry, which is now developing a new market on the Atlantic coast, from which it was previously barred by high transportation charges. Much of the coal, too, moving from the Atlantic and the grain from the Pacific coast is due to the Canal. Nevertheless, some hundreds of thousands of tons of Panama freight would now be adding to the revenue of the railways were the Canal not in operation.

So severely did the railways feel the new competition of Panama that soon after the opening of the Canal they requested

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the Inter-State Commerce Commission to permit them to lower their transcontinental rates between Atlantic and Pacific terminal ports without making reductions to the intervening towns and cities. The Commission granted the petition in part, February 11, 1915, and said in its decision: "We are witnessing the beginning of a new era of transportation between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts. . . . The shrinkage of rates via the Canal from New York to San Francisco has put the transcontinental carriers in serious straits." The Commission expressed the belief that if through rates were not reduced the roads would be unable to retain any part of their former transcontinental traffic, and, further, that the industries of the Middle West, such as those around Chicago, would be forced to lose their Pacific trade to the firms in the Atlantic section, which had a marked competitive advantage in their much cheaper rates by Panama.

The decision of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, favorable as it was, has not satisfied the transcontinental roads, for it provides that their freight schedules to and from Pacific coast ports shall not be reduced more than a certain proportion below the regular rates to intermediate points. The railways, however, wish a free hand in making whatever reductions are necessary to meet Panama competition, without being forced to lower in any degree their regular local traffic schedules.

The first of the new transcontinental rail rates went into force only July 15, too recently to judge of their effect. But during the past few weeks, notwithstanding the restrictions of the Commission, a large number of rate reductions have been announced. From Chicago to Pacific ports the roads have lowered their charges for iron and steel articles from 80 cents per 100 pounds to 55 cents. From California to Minnesota and the Dakotas they have reduced their rates on canned goods from 85 cents to 62½ cents per 100 pounds, and on canned salmon from California to Texas and Louisiana from 70 cents to 60 cents. These changes are typical of many others. Even relatively small reductions, it should be pointed out, may be sufficient to make the rate by all rail cheaper for many commodities moving between the Middle West and the Pacific coast than that by combined rail and Panama steamer.

The inroad of the Canal upon rail traffic was shown during the recent hearings before the Special Examiner of the Inter-State Commerce Commission upon the petition of the Southern Pacific for permission to lower the rates upon the west-bound cargoes of its Sunset-Gulf route (Morgan Line steamers from New York to New Orleans or Galveston, and thence rail to California). The Director of Traffic of the Southern Pacific Company testified that since the Canal had opened the Sunset-Gulf route had lost about two-thirds of its former traffic, or some 10,000 tons; while during the same time the American-Hawaiian Line had almost doubled the amount of the west-bound cargo which it had previously carried via the Tehuantepec route, an increase of 252,232 tons, and the Luckenbach line had more than doubled the tonnage which it had formerly shipped in connection with the Panama Railroad.

Other roads besides the Southern Pacific have felt the effect of Panama. The Northern Pacific within six months after the opening of the Canal had lost about half of the freight which it had previously carried to the Pacific coast from points east of St. Paul and Minneapolis. The President of the St. Paul recently stated that the reduction of the dividend of that company from five to four per cent was due in large part to Panama competition. President Ripley, of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé system, writes for use in this article: "With such information as has been obtainable we are far from able to state authoritatively the effect of the Canal competition upon this company. Our best estimate is mostly guess, but we are of the opinion that we lost about $1,250,000 gross freight revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915." While this is a large sum in the aggregate, it should be added that it amounts to scarcely more than one per cent of the gross receipts of the Atchison system for the past year. The Vice-President of one of the other leading transcontinental systems writes that the loss in rail tonnage would have been even greater than it is but for the fact that the Middle West manufacturers, rather than surrender their Pacific coast trade, have been making freight allowances to their customers, even when they could not afford to do so, hoping that the railways would find some way to meet the situation and prevent the transfer of their business to the Atlantic seaboard.

The outcome of the competition between the Canal and the transcontinental roads will

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depend largely upon the final adjustment of their freight rates. The roads may be able, by reducing their charges, not only to retain their present traffic, but even possibly to win back some proportion of what they have now lost, especially of the trade between the Middle Western States and the Pacific coast. But the outlook at present favors a still further increase in the Panama tonnage. For months there has been a world-wide scarcity of steamships, with the result that shipping rates have been abnormally high. So great has been the demand for boats that during the past six months nine of the American-Hawaiian fleet were at one time temporarily withdrawn from the coastwise trade to run on foreign routes. President Ripley, of the Atchison system, writes: "It is our view that the tonnage handled via the Canal is likely to grow, especially upon the termination of the European war, when boats will probably become more plentiful and ocean rates are likely to be reduced." A prominent officer of another transcontinental road believes that when conditions again become normal there will be double the present number of ships in the coastwise trade.

Of the products carried to and from the Pacific ports which the Panama steamers would like to secure, but which are still largely transported by rail, fresh fruits and vegetables are the most important.

It was nearly five months after the Canal was opened before the first shipment of refrigerated fruit and vegetables passed through it. As yet only a few of the available ships are equipped with proper cold-storage accommodations; six of the American-Hawaiian steamers and three or four belonging to other lines have made the necessary installation. But plans are under way for a large extension of cold-storage quarters, so that a considerable proportion of this kind of freight from the Pacific coast may go by the Canal in the future. During the past winter 24,000 boxes of fresh apples from Washington and Oregon and at least 20 carloads of melons and celery from California reached New York by the Canal. In the large refrigerators of the steamers the temperature is kept almost constantly at 35°, which is more uniform than is possible in the freight cars; there is less jolting; and the fruit is said to arrive in the Atlantic coast cities in as good condition as by rail. The total amount of this traffic is enormous. California alone in a recent year sent out of the State over 53,000 car-loads of fruit, while the State of Washington in 1914 raised 2,800,000 barrels of apples, nearly all of which were exported. So far, however, the Canal has made but a mere beginning in securing this trade.

In the passenger traffic also the Panama lines are now competing with the transcontinental railways. It was not until February 2 that the first coast-to-coast passenger steamer, the Great Northern, went through the Canal. The large number of passengers which it carried, 560 in all, showed the early popularity of the Panama route. But this vessel, as well as its sister ship, which passed through the Canal late in March, have both remained on the Pacific coast in a service between San Francisco and Portland, Oregon. No passenger boat of any regular coast-to-coast line started for California until May 1, when the Finland, of the Panama-Pacific Company, left New York for San Francisco. This steamer and the Kroonland, both formerly of the Red Star Transatlantic Line, are making definitely scheduled sailings between New York and San Francisco, with stops at either San Diego or Los Angeles. The trip takes about seventeen days. Each of these large twin ships is paying to the United States Government nearly $10,000 every time it goes through the Canal. So great was the demand for passage on these steamers that as early as the middle of March the accommodations for all of the spring and summer sailings from New York were largely sold, and on the Finland, for July 31, every berth was then engaged. Tourist agencies stated that many other ships could be filled if they were only available. During the late summer and early fall, however, there has been some falling off in the number of passengers carried, but these large, fast boats have been sufficiently profitable to cause the Panama-Pacific Company to place the Korea, recently purchased from the Pacific Mail, as an additional passenger steamer on this line. The attraction of the Panama-Pacific Exposition and the novelty of the Canal undoubtedly account, in some degree, for the present interest in the route; but this delightful all-water trip may well continue to be a popular one for tourists traveling to or from California.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRAFFIC

River-borne traffic from the Mississippi and its tributaries will almost certainly pass

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through Panama in heavy volume in the near future. The opening of the Canal has already stimulated an important movement for the adequate development of this river route. The business interests of the Mississippi Valley have now come to realize that they must have cheap all-water communication to the Pacific Coast in order to compete with the low freight charges through the Canal at present enjoyed by the Atlantic seaboard. The Missouri River Transportation Company wrote in January, "We are now endeavoring to establish through water rates in connection with Panama Canal lines . . . to give our people the advantages of Panama Canal rates." Kansas City completed the building of municipal docks on the Missouri River the past year, while at present Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Davenport are constructing terminals and getting ready to make use of the water route along the Mississippi and through the Canal.

These hopeful but meager beginnings should have been made several years ago, so that at the opening of the Canal the traffic from the great interior of the United States might at once have passed down the Mississippi. At present, however, adequate facilities for shipping cargoes along this route do not exist, and the inland cities which have been looking forward to a great freight movement along the Mississippi towards the Gulf and Panama are complaining bitterly because shipments for the Pacific are going to Panama by way of New York and other Atlantic ports. They are becoming aroused over the unfortunate situation, and are determined that the Mississippi and its tributaries shall be made available for the Canal trade.

New Orleans, the natural gateway of the Mississippi River system, although as yet it has received little, if any, gain in traffic movement on account of the Canal, has been making extensive harbor preparations, and believes that within a little over two years it will have the most economical and most efficiently devised port for rail-river-sea commerce in the United States. The city is endeavoring to mobilize the Valley's resources in leadership, skill, and money necessary to carry out on a wide plan and for a permanent future the development of river commerce on the 3,200 miles of main navigable streams which lead through the Mississippi to the Gulf. It is thoroughly understood that any adequate establishment of river navigation is a vast undertaking, to be compared to the building of the great railway systems of the past. To obtain complete success in such a huge enterprise the business men of New Orleans believe that three conditions are necessary: first, the abandonment by the United States Government of the "pork-barrel" system of dealing with rivers, and the establishment for their regulation of some such commission as that which constructed the Panama Canal; second, adequate terminals at the river ports, enabling freight to move between boats and cars at low cost; and, third, the establishment on the rivers of fleets of such modern river steamers as the best engineering skill may devise. Earnest efforts are already being made to secure these aims. During the past few months three or four projects were under way, with strong financial backing, for the organization of a properly capitalized company to build terminals along the river and run a service of modern river boats.

One of these projects has recently resulted in the formation of the Inland Navigation Company, with a capital stock of $9,000,000, for the operation of a fleet of steamers along the Mississippi from Minneapolis and St. Paul to the Gulf. The company already has under construction six large, fast, all-steel river "barges," with wireless and other modern equipment, the first of which will be ready for use in about a month, and plans to place thirty additional boats of the same kind upon the Mississippi alone in the near future. Its freight rates will be twenty-five per cent lower than the railway charges between corresponding points. A river service of this character should soon bring a large volume of Mississippi Valley traffic to New Orleans for transshipment through the Panama Canal.

Discussions of the problems of river commerce have already been held between New Orleans and Chicago, St. Louis and Minneapolis, Memphis and Kansas City. St. Louis held a conference on municipal water terminals this past February, which was attended by delegates from many river cities. Thus the business men of the Mississippi Valley are coming to realize their common interest in the early development of river navigation.

The New Orleans Association of Commerce, which is taking the leading part in forwarding this movement, summarizes its belief regarding Panama and the Mississippi Valley in the following words, quoted from a letter recently received from an officer of the Association: "While the Canal presently is of very doubtful benefit, if any,

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we are quite sure that in the not distant future it will be of tremendous benefit; that through the Canal and along the waterway that leads from the heart of the American continent there will move a tide of commerce greater than America has ever witnessed along one route."

In estimating the future increase in coast-to-coast traffic, the probable additional tonnage from the Gulf ports must be considered, irrespective of the river-borne cargoes from the upper Mississippi. At present there are not enough steamers to carry the available freight from the Gulf to the Canal, as is shown by the following report, sent to the writer April 2 by the New Orleans office of the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce: "The demands for shipping space out of New Orleans to the Pacific coast have been incessant, but so far it has been impossible to obtain vessels. According to the present navigation laws, trade between Eastern ports and California is limited to American-built vessels under the American flag. Such vessels are now at a premium for European trade. . . . The United Fruit Company operates a service from New Orleans to the Canal, and has been offered large quantities of freight for San Francisco, to be transshipped at Panama. This trade they have been absolutely unable to accommodate, as their vessels, while under the American flag, are foreign-built. . . . As soon as the war is over it is practically certain that a large number of the vessels which have been shifted from the coastwise trade to European traffic will be placed in the Gulf-to-California service."

THE PACIFIC COAST AND EUROPE

In addition to the coastwise trade, in which, even under existing conditions, Panama has actually surpassed expectations, there is another route, closely related to that between the American seacoasts, in which the Canal has also been highly successful. The traffic between the Pacific seaboard of North America and Europe has been noticeably heavy. In the statistics of this trade, however, the shipping of our own Western States and of western Canada is grouped together, since steamers usually take on and discharge freight on the same trip at a number of ports from San Diego, California, to Vancouver, British Columbia. It was estimated that this Pacific coast - European trade would furnish a little over ten per cent of the shipping through the Canal; as a matter of fact, it has made up about fifteen per cent of the total cargo passing through Panama these first twelve months. The actual tonnage has fallen somewhat short of the official estimates, but this has been due chiefly to the very small amount of freight from Europe, a condition undoubtedly caused by the war.

Of the exports from the Pacific coast, grain, lumber, and canned goods have formed the bulk of the cargoes. During the first half-year of the Canal, a period when the Western harvests were being marketed, grain furnished the largest tonnage of any single commodity shipped through the Canal on any route, and practically all of it went from the west coast of North America direct to Europe. Altogether 11,914,000 bushels of barley and wheat were sent to Great Britain and other European countries up to February 15, and since then the cargoes have continued to be heavy. An official report from the Pacific Northwest, dated February 25, says, "Vast shipments of California barley are still moving from this coast to the United Kingdom." In fact, the export of grain and flour, which have been in such great demand in Europe, seemed to be limited only by the number of ships to be secured. The United States Vice-Consul at Victoria, British Columbia, in describing the trade situation of the entire Pacific coast, wrote, January 29, "All available tonnage is being kept constantly in service, and many thousands of tons of additional shipping could be used very profitably." Now that the new harvest is ready for shipment, the shortage of steamers is even greater than before. During the first week in August higher charter rates were charged for ships to carry wheat from the Pacific Northwest to Europe than have ever before been known in the grain trade.

Lumber has been in much the same situation as grain; there have not been enough ships to carry the cargoes waiting transportation. The Blue Funnel Line, which in February started a regular service between Liverpool and the Pacific Northwest, announced that all of its vessels were booked to capacity up to May, 1915, and that its first five ships would carry approximately 10,000,000 feet of Pacific lumber. During the past few weeks unprecedentedly high prices have been paid for ships to carry lumber to England. In addition to the grain and lumber, canned goods, especially fruit and fish, have formed a large item in this Pacific

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trade to Europe. It is also a happy augury for the future that earlier in the Canal year 15,600 boxes of refrigerated apples were shipped from Washington and Oregon to London. It should be added that, of all the Canal freight from the Pacific to Europe, the larger part thus far has come from the ports of the United States rather than from those of Canada.

None of the ships on this trade route fly the United States flag. Of the six lines which have a more or less regular service, three are British, one Danish, one Swedish, and one Norwegian. But since a monthly sailing is the most frequent maintained by any of them, a large proportion of the traffic to Europe is carried by tramp steamers, most of which have British registry.

NEW YORK AS A DISTRIBUTING CENTER

It was anticipated by the commercial interests of New York that a considerable proportion of this trade between Europe and the ports of the Pacific would come to their city for transshipment. In fact, it was predicted by some that one of the most important results of the Canal would be to make New York a great distributing center for Panama commerce. This hope has been disappointed. Strictly domestic freight, to be sure, has come to New York, to be sent on by steamer through the Canal, from unexpectedly long distances inland; but this is not the case with foreign shipments. Nine of the leading steamship companies which operate lines from New York through the Canal, in answer to an inquiry which the writer sent out the last of March, practically agree that Panama is having very little, if any, effect in bringing more transfer freight to New York. Regarding cargoes to and from Australia and the Orient, one of the foremost shipping companies, Funch, Edye & Co., writes: "So far as we know, not one single package of freight has reached our Australian or Far Eastern services from Europe for transshipment at New York in consequence of the opening of the Panama Canal, nor do we think it is likely that such traffic would be induced by the opening of the Canal either in our direction or elsewhere."

From the west coast of South America, it is true, some goods are now being sent to Europe via New York. This, however, is not due to the Canal, but to the temporary discontinuance, on account of the war, of many of the regular lines from Colon to Europe. Wessel, Duval & Co., owners of the West Coast Line, say: "The result of the use of the Panama Canal has only been demonstrated in times that are abnormal, so it remains to be seen whether conditions will be materially different when the situation becomes normal again. To the extent of our present experience, we are unable to observe any tendency to make New York a distributing center for traffic between Europe and the south Pacific ports. We doubt if this will be the case."

There are some few shipments of freight for the Pacific seaboard even now coming to New York, to be forwarded by the American coastwise lines, and it is possible that the amount may increase slightly after the war. W. R. Grace & Co. report that they are receiving certain products from Brazil which they send on to California by their Atlantic and Pacific steamers; but the total of these shipments is small. The least unfavorable statement of all comes from the American-Hawaiian Line, which writes regarding the freight carried by its coast-to-coast service: "When conditions again become normal, it is likely that the effect of the Canal will be to make New York more of a port of transfer than formerly, but the tonnage resulting will probably not run into very large figures and the amount of money left in the port of New York by the goods transshipped will be small."

CANADA AND THE CANAL

Western Canada is benefiting from the Canal in much the same way as our own Pacific coast. One of the great grain-fields of the world, it has every promise of marvelous development except cheap and direct transportation to its markets on the Atlantic. This lack is now supplied by Panama. From recent estimates it is believed that the present normal grain yield of the parts of western and central Canada whose natural outlet is through the Canal is 180,000,000 bushels, and that this will increase rapidly within the next few years. The cost of shipping this grain to Liverpool is about 24 cents a bushel via the Great Lakes, and, when these are closed to navigation during the five months of winter, it costs 36 cents a bushel by the rail route to St. John, New Brunswick, and thence by Atlantic steamer. A large proportion of the Canadian grain has been forced to pay the higher winter rates, owing to the lateness of the harvests and to the inadequate railway con-

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nections to the Lakes. Panama is now taking this grain at all times of the year at much lower charges than the cheap Great Lakes route. What the Canal means to western Canada may be judged from one of the signs displayed in the Canadian Building in the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, which reads: "All the Canadian railroads are making ready for the enormous increase in Canadian grain export by the Pacific route which will be brought about by the opening of the Panama Canal. It is estimated that in twelve years from now over 300,000,000 bushels of Canadian grain will be shipped yearly by this route at a cost of five cents a bushel less than by the shortest route to European ports."

The export of lumber from western Canada is nearly as important as that of grain, for British Columbia has some of the most extensive and valuable forests in the world. At the present rate of cutting, not counting the annual growth, it will take two hundred and fifty years to exhaust merely the mature timber now standing. This heavy and bulky freight has been hampered by high railway charges, but the Canal now brings it to the Atlantic coast ports at about one-half the former transportation costs. The past year the Canadian Government ordered 24,000,000 feet of lumber from British Columbia for harbor improvement work in Toronto. This order, which is the largest ever placed in western Canada, is now being shipped through the Canal. One of the steamship offices in Vancouver stated in February that contracts had already been made for shipment via Panama of all the lumber which their line could handle for some months to come. Only a few weeks ago the French Government asked the British Columbia millmen to bid on an order for an immense quantity of lumber which is to be used in constructing thousands of two-room houses in northern France for those whose homes were destroyed by the war. If the contract is secured, this immense tonnage will also go through the Canal.

This heavy export from western Canada would be very much greater if there were only sufficient shipping to carry it all. The tying up of the German vessels and the commandeering of so many British steamers by the British Admiralty have caused a serious shortage, which is made still worse by the small amount of return freight now available from Europe.

Government officials and railways are fully awake to the value of the Canal to western Canada. The Dominion Parliament, in anticipation of the extra traffic through the Canal, has passed large appropriations for docks, dredging, and other harbor improvements at Vancover and Victoria, and is now building an immense grain elevator at Vancouver, which it expects to have ready for the crop movement this fall. This will have a storage capacity of 1,250,000 bushels and will be able to discharge grain into the Panama steamers at a rate of 60,000 bushels an hour. A remarkable railway development has also been taking place in western Canada. During the past few months two new transcontinental roads have completed their extensions to their Pacific ports—the Canadian Northern to Vancouver, and the Grand Trunk to Prince Rupert; while the older road, the Canadian Pacific, has been spending many millions in double-tracking part of its line in British Columbia. These three lines will bring to their new and extensive Pacific terminals, which they are now constructing, added quantities of grain and lumber for the Panama route. The late President Hays, of the Grand Trunk, stated that his road alone was planning to ship 100,000,000 bushels of grain each year through the Canal.

By stimulating the foreign trade of this vast new land, aiding its development, and adding to its prosperity, Panama will, in turn, benefit our own country, which sells to Canada twice as much in value as do all other nations combined.

GENERAL RESULTS

The results of the Panama Canal upon the trade of North America are most gratifying to the United States. The coast-to-coast commerce and the exports from the western seaboard, in which Canada shares, are most satisfactory; while the only falling off from the estimated Canal tonnage is in the shipments from Europe to our Pacific States and to British Columbia. These facts suggest the real explanation of the relatively small amount of cargo now passing through the Canal. The slump in expected traffic is due, not to the trade of the United States, which is reasonably heavy, especially in exports, on all of the Panama routes, but to the tremendous falling off in European tonnage. The responsibility of Europe will be made more evident in the following article, which will describe the effect of the Canal upon the trade of South America and the Orient.

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PACKING GOODS FOR EXPORT

AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS AND SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE

BY BAYSE N. WESTCOTT

THE present European war and the opening of the Panama Canal have caused many American manufacturers to seek an export market for their goods. Especially they have looked to South America, believing that European competition would now be less, and also that the banking and shipping facilities are going to be better than ever before. Compared with England and Germany, America is young and ignorant in the science of securing and holding foreign customers—knowledge to be acquired only by slow and expensive experience—and of this, which is really the science of foreign trade, much can be written and fail adequately to cover it; but one of the fundamental details upon which a foreign commerce is built can be outlined in a short article.

Most European manufacturers know how to pack their products for export, whereas the average American does not; and he knows little of the transshipments of his boxes and crates after they are forwarded from his local freight station. There is a great deal of ignorance as to the actual means by which freight is taken from the railway cars at seaboard and transferred to the holds of outgoing steamers, but there is a still greater lack of knowledge of how goods are discharged from the vessels in the foreign ports, and it is in this discharge that much rough handling of freight takes place, and to meet this strong packing is required. Of course discharge conditions vary in the different foreign countries of the world; in some ports excellent docks, cargo cranes, and warehouses are provided, whereas on other coasts there will be very few facilities and the cargo will have to go over the ship's side into a lighter by the vessel's own tackle. These last conditions are those which are very severe, and if a shipper's goods are packed well enough to meet them he can feel reasonably sure that his shipments will arrive in good condition, no matter to what part of the world they may go. The west coast of South America, especially Peru and Chile, affords a good example of severe discharge conditions.

The coast of Peru is a barren shore of rugged, brownish-yellow cliffs, with a lower fringe of white breakers from the Pacific and a background of the Andes, miles away. The northern part of the Chilean coast is similar, except that the cliffs are much higher—1,500 to 2,000 feet—and more reddish brown in color, but with the same barrenness and lack of vegetation. Of harbors there are none until one reaches Coquimbo, where the coast begins to have indentations with some grass and trees, while south of Valparaiso there are good harbors. But, on the whole, the west coast is open and unprotected, and most of the "ports" are not ports at all, but open roadsteads that receive the full strength of the waves of the Pacific.

There are several regular lines of steamers that ply up and down the coast from Panama south, carrying a miscellaneous collection of passengers, including German and English commercial travelers, a few Americans of the same classification selling for the most part shoes or drugs, men going from the States to the mines in Peru, Bolivia, or Chile, young fellows coming out from England to work in the English commercial houses scattered up and down the coast, and many Peruvians or Chileans who are making short trips along the coast from one port to the next. Of freight, the steamers discharge a great variety: medicines from St. Louis, cotton goods from Manchester, electrical machinery from Schenectady, oil, lard, rails—in fact, practically all articles used in modern life, as Peru, Bolivia, and Chile manufacture very little. They take on board sugar in Peru, and sometimes hides; in Chile perhaps nitrate of soda or minerals. The ships average one or sometimes two ports in each day, and betweentimes leisurely steam along the coast, a few miles off shore, through calm and peaceful seas. In port there is never any time wasted because of the many ports of call, and the cargo is handled with as much rapidity as possible. Consequently, as soon as a steamer is seen approaching one of the coast towns, the agent on shore sends out the

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cargo *lanchas*, which, together with a fleet of native boatmen or *fleteros*, await the sound of the clattering of the numberless fathoms of rusty links of chain as the ship comes to anchor a quarter to half a mile off shore. After the ship has been "received" by the Captain of the Port, the *fleteros* swarm on board in search of passengers to be rowed ashore, and the *lanchas* are fastened alongside with two-inch manila hawsers which keep them at a distance from the ship.

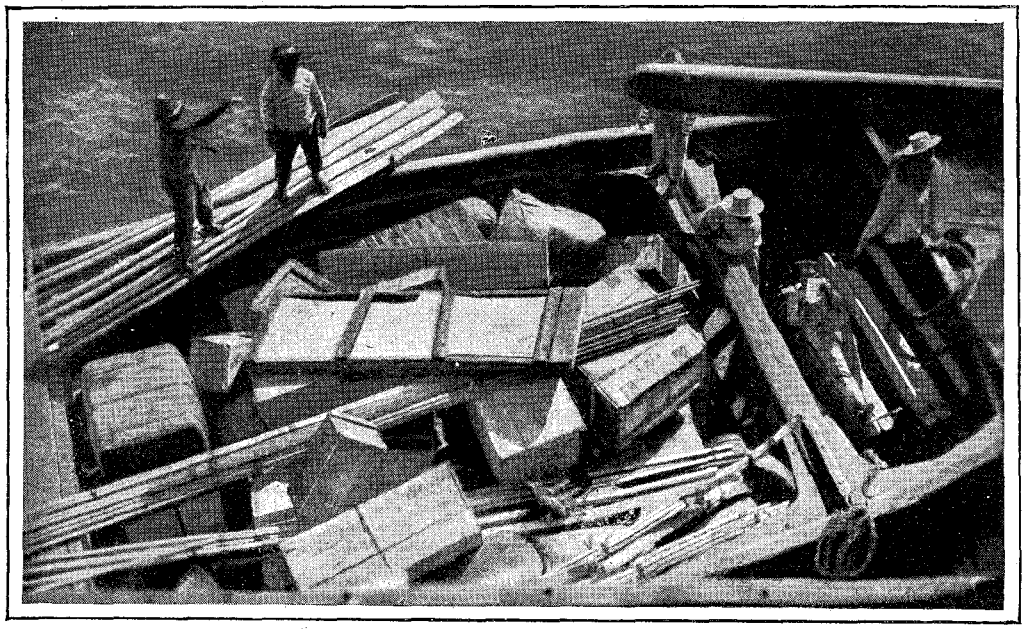
The *lanchas* themselves are heavily constructed, open wooden boats from twenty-five to forty feet long, usually brought alongside by the strong arms and straining backs of the six or seven native *lancheros*, who, in their queer hats and color-striped jerseys, often resemble the pirates of the old prints.

The second officer opens the hatches and the checkers and freight-handlers drop down the narrow iron ladder into the dark depths of the hold. At the open hatch stands the mate bossing the discharge, one foot on an angle-iron at the side of the ship and a leg stretched across a corner of the black chasm of the hatchway; a position enabling him to see the men straining in the semi-darkness of the 'tween-decks or to signal across the open hatch to the man at the steam winch—the *winchero*—or to curse in Spanish at the *lancheros* below, balancing with outspread bare legs and looking up from the *lancha* rising and falling with the Pacific rollers. The *winchero* releases the brakes on the drum of his hoist and sends a line of rope snaking into the hold, where it is fastened to the first packing-case.

"*Listo?*" (ready?) calls the mate who is directing operations, and from the hold below floats up, "*Arriba . . . a*" (up).

The mate signals the *winchero* with an upward flicker of his outstretched arm; the hoisting rope tightens; a case below hits the iron sides of the ship with a crash, shoots into view, and swings over the side, dangling at the end of the line. The mate watches the roll of the ship, the rise and fall of the *lancha*, and the swinging and twisting of the case at the end of a thirty-foot line. When there seems to be a fair chance of the case landing in the *lancha* and not in the ocean, he lowers his semaphoric right arm a hair, the *winchero* releases the brakes, and the case drops into the *lancha*.

If all conditions are favorable, the case strikes with more or less violence, depending on the skill and judgment of the mate. If, however, the *lancha* happens to be rising rapidly on a swell while the ship is rolling down, the resulting crash requires strong boxing to resist it. Or if the *lancha* is sliding into the hollow of a wave, and the



A "LANCHA" PARTLY LOADED

Notice the helter-skelter manner in which the cargo from the steamer has been discharged into this boat

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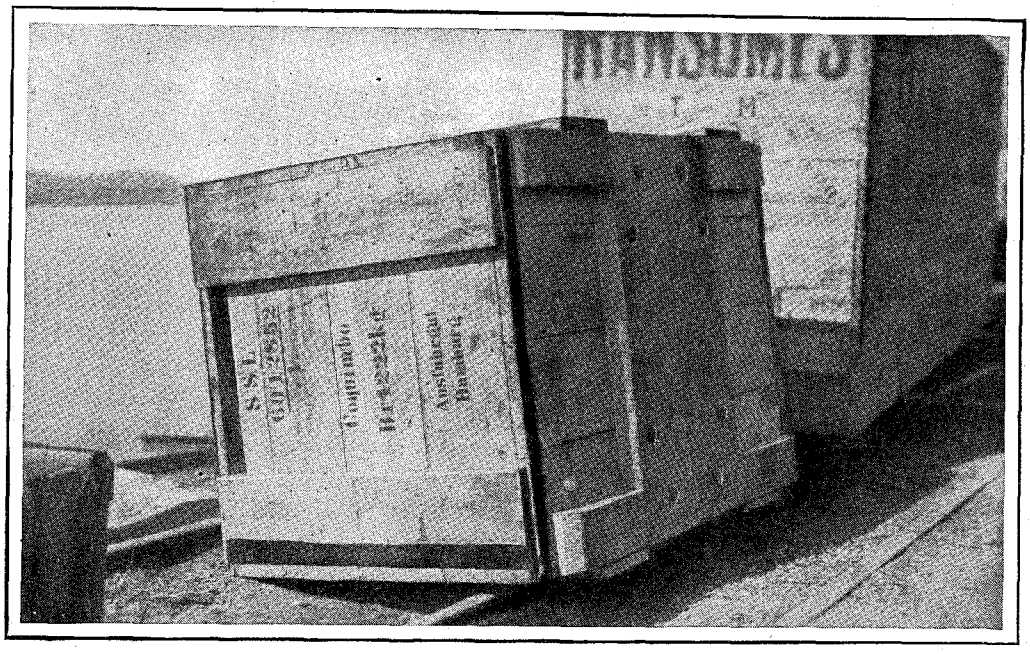
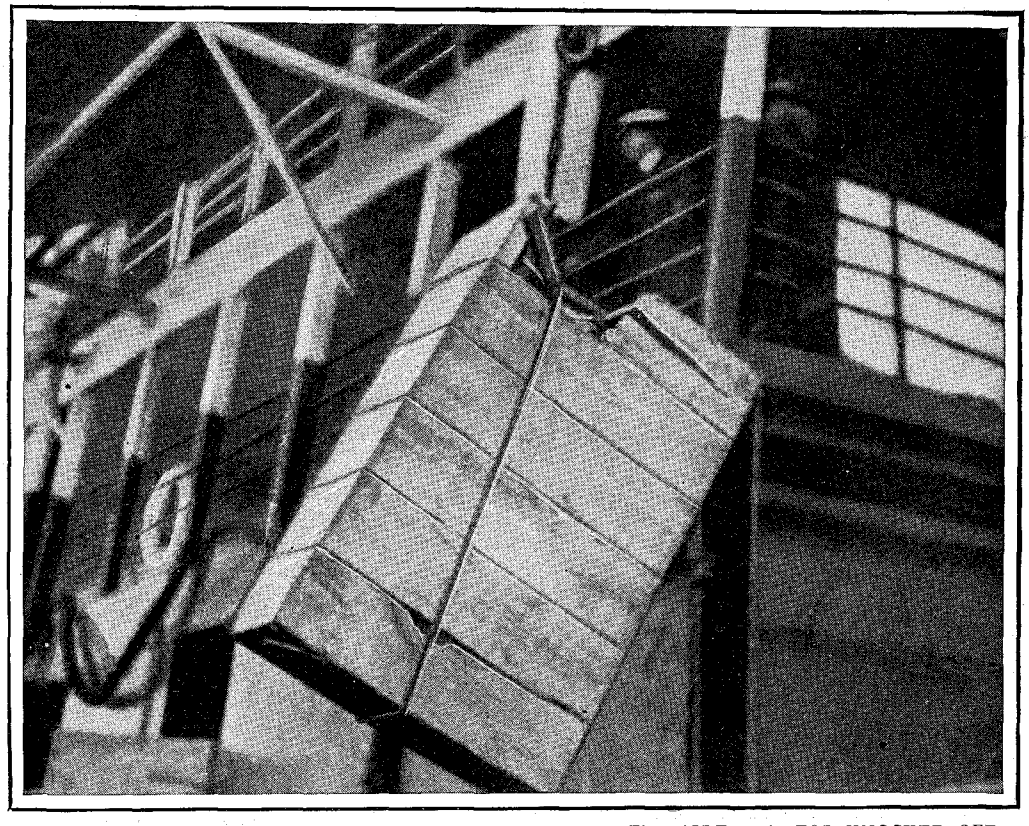


CASES FROM GERMANY AND ENGLAND ON SHORE AT COQUIMBO, CHILE

Note the heavy wood, iron-strapped, and the clear stenciling. In the rear is an English case, well made, inclosing a farm engine



AN AMERICAN PACKING-BOX OF HALF-INCH PINE WITH THE SIDE AND TOP KNOCKED OFF DURING TRANSPORTATION

These two pictures illustrate the difference in make between American, German, and English shipping cases for the foreign trade

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steamer is rolling away and showing the red below her water-line to the *lancheros*, then the case may be dropped into salt water in place of into the *lancha*. In any event, if the steamer is a little behind time, and several hundred tons of cargo have to be discharged in a few hours, the cases are dropped into the *lanchas* as fast as they can be yanked from the hold. If the weather is bad, the waves may send their spray over the goods in the *lanchas* and rust and injure poorly protected shipments.

Many American shipments are very carelessly packed. One of the photographs shows an American drill press shipped from Connecticut and packed in a case of half-inch pine; the end was smashed, the drill press rusty, and each time the case was lifted a few more small parts dribbled out into the water. Another manufacturer sent several dozen shiny galvanized pails merely wired together and nested without any crating. Now, pails are useful household equipment anywhere along the coast, and many a *lanchero* delighted his family with a new American pail. The rest were well dented where boxes had fallen on them. Another of the illustrations shows the confused jumble in the bottom of a *lancha;* bales of cotton goods, medicines, a windmill from Chicago, and so on. As a contrast to some American packing, note the heavily constructed, iron-strapped German packing-case from Hamburg, and in the rear a Ransomes farm engine from England, both landed on shore in perfect condition.

Of course many American concerns, such as some of the big electrical companies, know how to take care of their export shipments, and handle them well, using heavy lumber, iron strapping, and, where necessary, water-proof paper or cloth as a lining for the cases. American car-building concern that recently supplied some excellent sleeping-cars to the Chilean State Railways shipped its finer woodwork in zinc-lined, hermetically sealed boxes, the best possible protection.

In general, it is not possible to give specific directions for packing goods for export, but the following is a brief résumé of some of the points which should be considered. There is, first of all, a compromise of two factors:

(*a*) Sufficiently heavy boxing to give strength to resist breakage, so that goods will arrive at their destination in perfect condition.

(*b*) As little boxing as possible consistent with (*a*)—strength—in order that charges for freight and duties which may be charged on gross weight shall be minimized.

1. The boxing or packing must withstand the most severe conditions likely to be met from the time it leaves the factory until it reaches its destination. To learn what these conditions are it is necessary to ask the shipping agent in New York, or other American port of shipment, and then by experiment in the factory determine just how strong packing is needed. Also the goods, when packed, should occupy as little space as possible. Ocean freight, at the option of the steamship companies, is charged for either by weight or by the cubic space occupied.

2. Most boxes should be "iron strapped"—that is to say, they should be bound on the edges with thin strips of sheet iron or iron wire.

3. The case should be stenciled with the net and gross weight in kilograms.

4. The case should be stenciled with the name of the consignee and the port in the foreign country to which shipment is being made. Sometimes, when the buyer has many orders, he tells the manufacturers to put a certain "mark," such as a triangle containing a number on the box, in place of his name.

5. If there are several cases in the shipment, they should be stenciled with numbers, either "from one up," or with the consecutive numbers advised by the buyer or shipping agent in New York.

6. Goods liable to be damaged by moisture should be packed in waterproof cases, or, for very delicate materials, in hermetically sealed, zinc-lined cases.

In general, the question of proper packing for export may be summed up in two phrases:

From the shipping agents get all the *facts* regarding the way the goods are likely to be handled, and exactly what markings are required.

By experiment in the factory, determine the best methods of packing to meet the known conditions.

When the average American shipper has learned to pack his products so that his customer in Timbuctoo or Chile receives them in as good condition as when they left the factory, then America will have made a decided advance in the preliminaries of building up a world trade.

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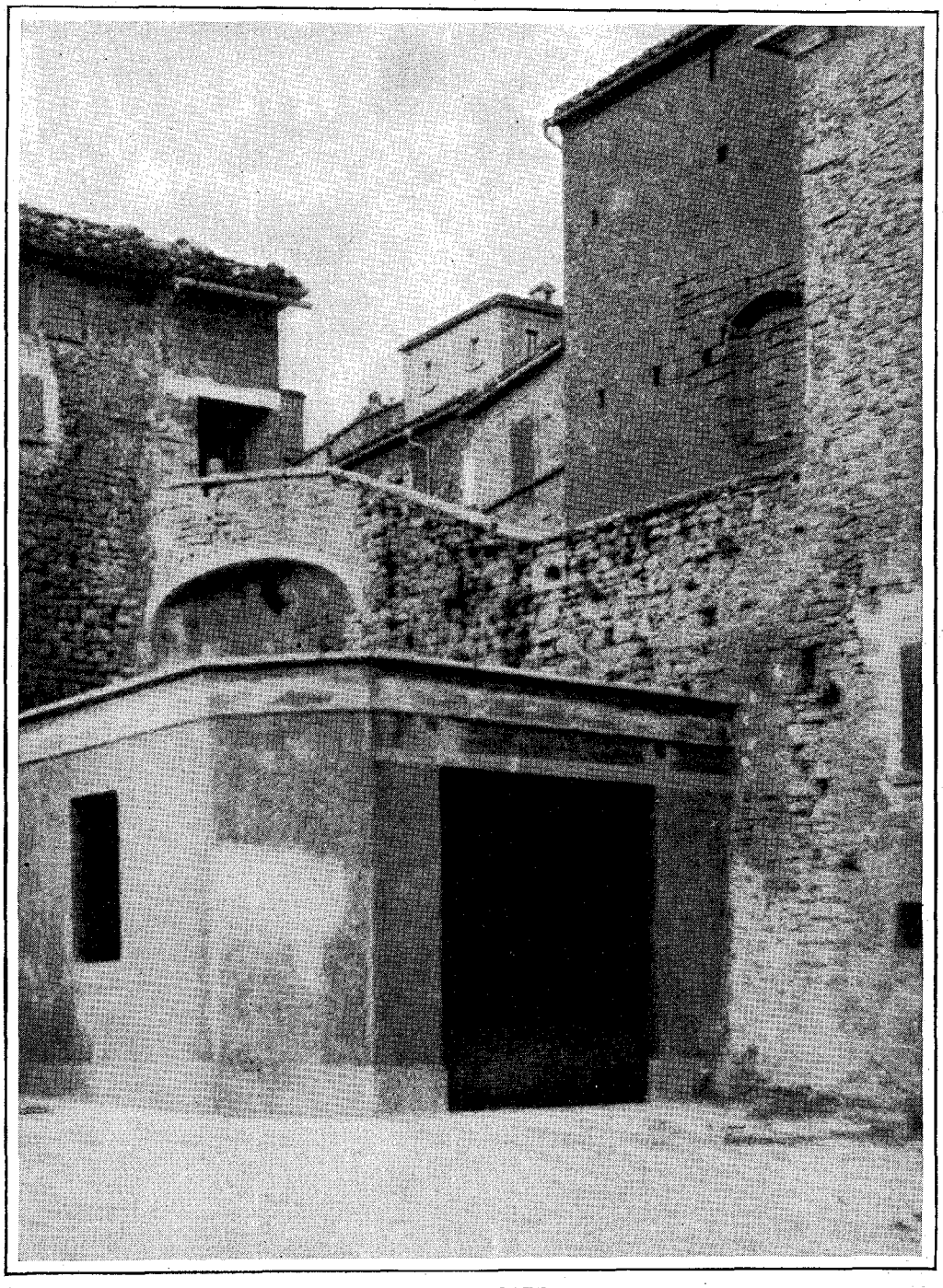

THE CITY GATE

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SAN MARINO: THE SMALLEST OF THE ALLIES

BY CREDO HARRIS

WHEN the white and sky-blue flag of San Marino was unfurled against the Teuton allies, it recalled the fable of the gnat and the ox. The impudence of this tiny country, the smallest, even as it is the oldest, independent state in the world, was more amusing than terrifying.

What will she gain, what strategic value does she possess, why should she take up cudgels in a war that can mean nothing to her future, what is she, anyhow?—have been pardonable questions. Of the first three, it need only be said that the Sammarinese consider no gain, values, or future aggrandizement when weighed in the scales of friendship, and Italy is her stanchest friend. If San Marino were not already rich in romance, location, unique form of government, and antiquity, she would still be envied for the unapproachable steadfastness shown through ages to those she loves.

This little republic, less than one-tenth the area of New York City, and with a population of eleven thousand and two, rises out of the very midst of Italy, standing on the east-central Adriatic slope, ten and a half air-line miles from that smiling sea, across which, when days are clear, may be seen the pink-purplish mountains of Dalmatia. For more than sixteen hundred years it has perched up in the clouds, crowning with its grim walls the more grim peaks of Monte Titano; since the dawning of the fourth century it has remained aloof in dress, customs, money, stamps, weights, and measures, indifferent to the whirling world about its feet.

Comparatively few Americans have penetrated this border; some have but a slight knowledge of its existence, and perhaps less of what is there. But the Sammarinese admire Americans, and take a maternal pride in the United States, which, they will tell you, followed their scheme of government. Nor is it worth while correcting this deeply rooted impression unless one cares to argue with a city of excitable patriots, all talking at once in a dialect of ancient origin. When an American does come, however, he is shown the most delicate courtesies and every national treasure—art or artless. He may be taken to the archives, and shown indisputable records which have come through many centuries, and will be told this simple story of San Marino's origin:

In the year 307 A.D. Marinus, a stone-cutter of Arbe, in Dalmatia, fled from the Christian persecutor Diocletian. Following his trade in Italy, he came at last to Rome, and was employed by the lovely Felicita to cut an inscription upon the sarcophagus of her husband, lately killed in the wars. Daily she went with her ladies to watch him work, and, guardedly at first, but soon with great eloquence, he preached to them of Christ. Felicita became an ardent convert, and, being a lady of influence, gave him the mountain Titano. There up in the sky he lived his days in the purity of God, calling about him others who had fled the fire and sword, and founding a Christian colony.

There is no documentary evidence for this. There is, however, a parchment written in 885 A.D. from which it is clear that "the Presbytery of San Marino" was even then an independent state; and elsewhere it is found that for century after century princes fleeing from some enemy have sought the shelter of her eerie crags. To them all, as to Garibaldi as recently as 1849, her gate was opened.

A diligence leaves each day from Rimini, the nearest railway point, fourteen miles distant; and a hard pull this is, but one that can never be regretted or forgotten. The "international road," as the Sammarinese love to call it, starting at sea-level, is a credit to engineering skill, and leads through one of the most enticing portions of Italy—with smiling peasants at work in their vineyards or garnering grain with hand-forged sickles, glimpses of the blue Adriatic dotted by lateen-rigged boats with sails of terra-cotta hue; and always ahead, frowning down through centuries of seclusion, Monte Titano, on whose bony peaks a city stands cleaving the sky with watch-towers.

The boundary is met somewhat less than nine miles from Rimini, and there are no duties to pay; but a printed warning states in unmistakable terms: "Any one carrying

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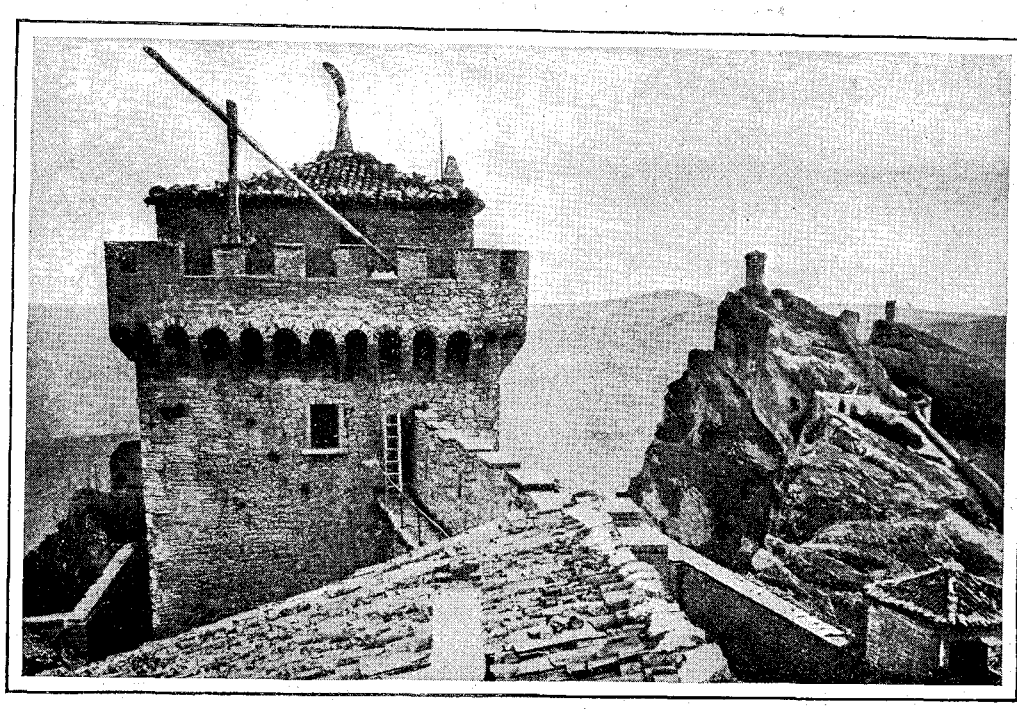

THE THREE WATCH-TOWERS WHERE BEACON FIRES ARE LIGHTED

across this border salt or tobacco will be prosecuted as a smuggler." In other commodities there is reciprocity with Italy, and merchandise coming from foreign countries pays at the Italian ports of entry, that Kingdom reimbursing the Republic by calculating its share according to the per capita assessment on its own people, multiplied by the Sammarinese population. This amounts yearly to about six thousand lire, and for the most part is expended on education, public works, charity, and state officials.

During the next five miles before the capital is reached one passes, near or through, four quaint hamlets, seeing here and there a castle in the background, while in the foreground are laughing bevies of girls and boys, bright colors in dress and cheeks, quick flashes of white teeth, and a genial wave to the passing tourist. One says within himself that it is good to be at San Marino.

All of this time the horses are climbing, climbing, and when the final stop is made at a low, squatty gate, opening through massive walls to the city of Titano, it is not difficult, gazing back upon the road, that which seems but a piece of twisted silver wire, and at the little dots which you remember were homes of those smiling peasants, to realize that the ascent has been nearly half a mile in five.

The diligence must now be left. Even could it enter that narrow gateway, the streets are impossibly crooked and steep; and the only vehicle of any kind the writer saw in his entire stay was a small cart being held by the combined strength of a donkey and a butcher from gravitating to almost certain destruction. Never were there such angles, such grades, in a self-respecting city, for it seems to have been planned by the architect on the idea of least resistance—the houses tossed like dice upon the various strata left cooling in some prehistoric upheaval. When it is seen to be a common practice to enter a house by one street and step out of its upper window to another, carriage or automobile will be left at the gate without regret.

No telephone connects the hamlets with their exalted capital, and the ancient custom of beacon fires is still in use. These, burning on the three watch-towers and at each corner of the campanile above the Palazzo Publico, proclaim momentous events—elections chiefly, for elections come with surprising frequency in San Marino, two Presidents being inaugurated every six months.

The Government machinery is not intricate. For some centuries after the death of Marinus supreme authority emanated, as in patriarchal days, from the heads of families, but in the year 1200 this was abolished for a Council of Sixty, composed of twenty

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nobles, twenty citizens, and twenty rurals, elected for life. From this body, more recently known as the Prince and Sovereign Council, is chosen a Council of Twelve, which corresponds in state affairs to our Executive Cabinet.

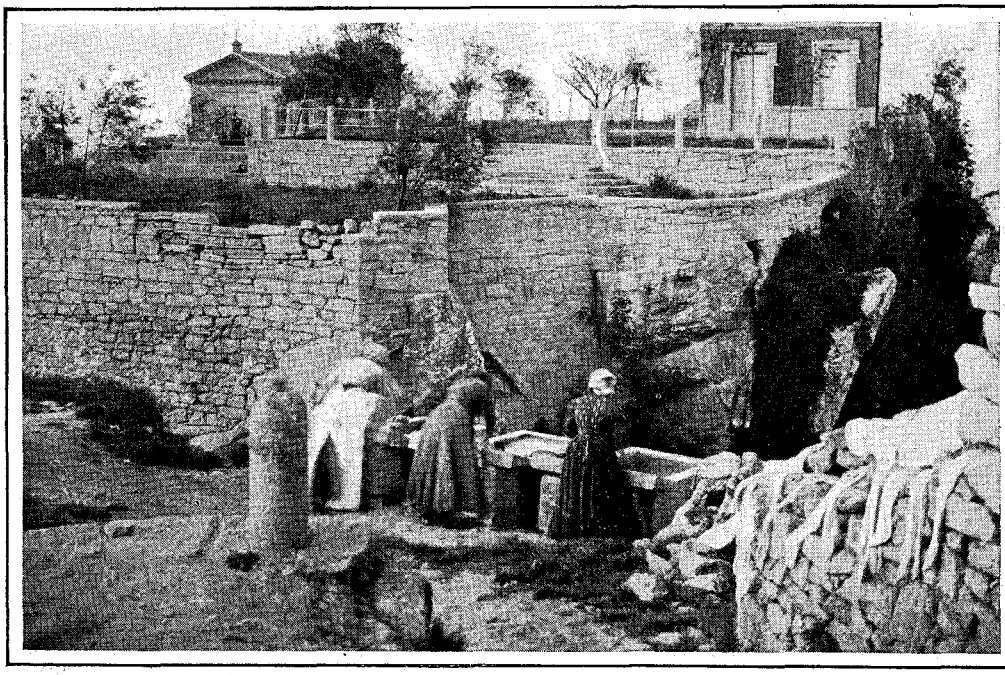
The Presidents, with titles also of Regent Captain, may come only from the Prince and Sovereign Council. Twice each year, on March 15 and September 15, it meets in Scrutiny Hall, a mediæval room in the Palazzo Publico, and by lot draws twelve members to be nominators. These, in turn, draw twelve names—six from the nobles, six from the citizen and rural classes—placing the result in two boxes, which are closely guarded until an hour after sunset, when, followed by a long and imposing procession, this august body marches to the Cathedral, where the boxes are placed before the altar. Amid a breathless silence now the oldest member rises, draws one name from each, and impressively announces the result. The election is over—the Republic knows its Presidents for the ensuing six months.

San Marino does then go wild with joy. It has previously felt no personal interest in candidates because there have been no candidates; one political party has not triumphed over another, because there has been but one party; indeed, any pair of Presidents would suffice quite as well as any other pair; but San Marino goes wild with joy. Immediately from the three watch-towers and elsewhere beacons illumine the sky, and one begins to understand why this final drawing is postponed until after sunset. Down in the valley expectant peasants, watching for these time-honored signals, respond by raising their glasses of native wine and pledging anew their fealty.

In the capital wilder scenes are being enacted. Torches come and go through the otherwise unlighted streets, casting mediæval flickerings against the somber walls of stone; bands blare, crowds of singing people in picturesque costumes march hither and thither, or with the militia call upon the newly elected executives, who in turn open their homes for a grand feast. And if there should be any weddings in the air, these occasions are usually chosen, when the Cathedral is decorated and alight, for the Sammarinese celebrate marriage only by religious ceremony.

The succeeding fifteen days are more or less convulsed by a hysteria of fêting, gradually working up to the final burst of elegance—the inauguration. This takes place every first of April and October.

By ten o'clock in the morning soldiers and citizens are parading through the streets toward the public square. Here, before their



STONE WASH-TUBS FOR CITY USE

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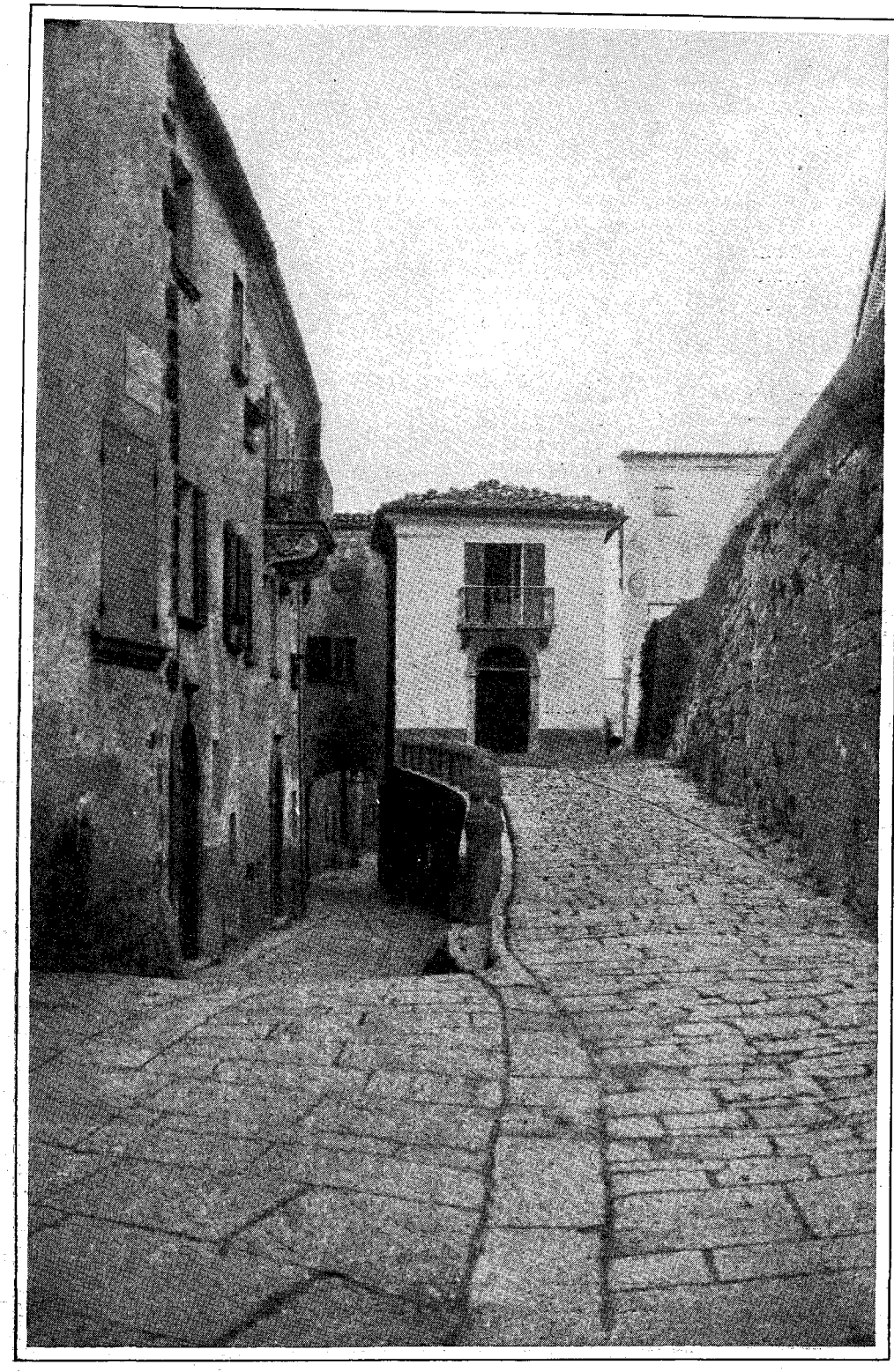

THE PARTING OF TWO PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARES

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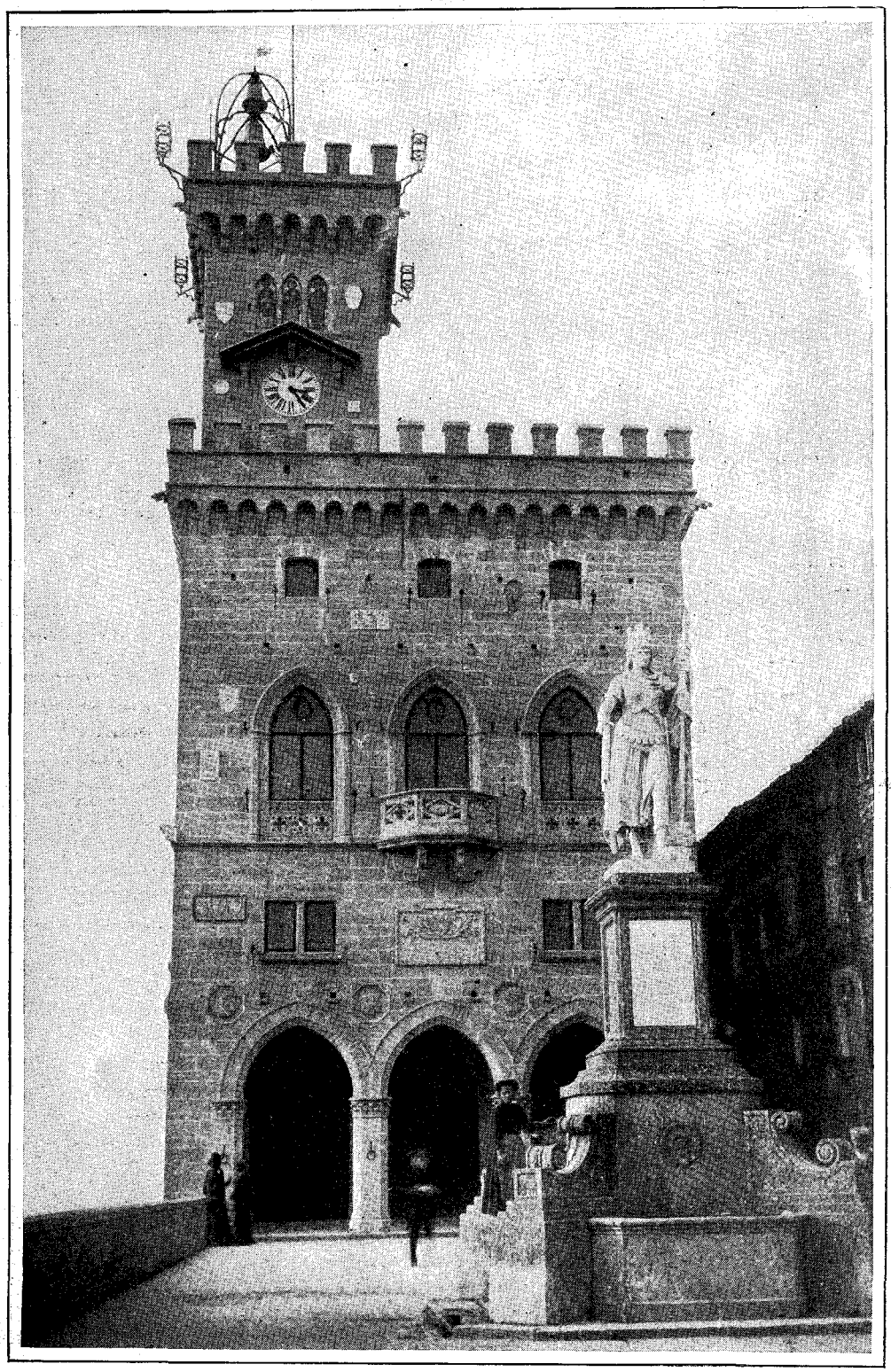

THE SAMMARINESE STATUE OF LIBERTY

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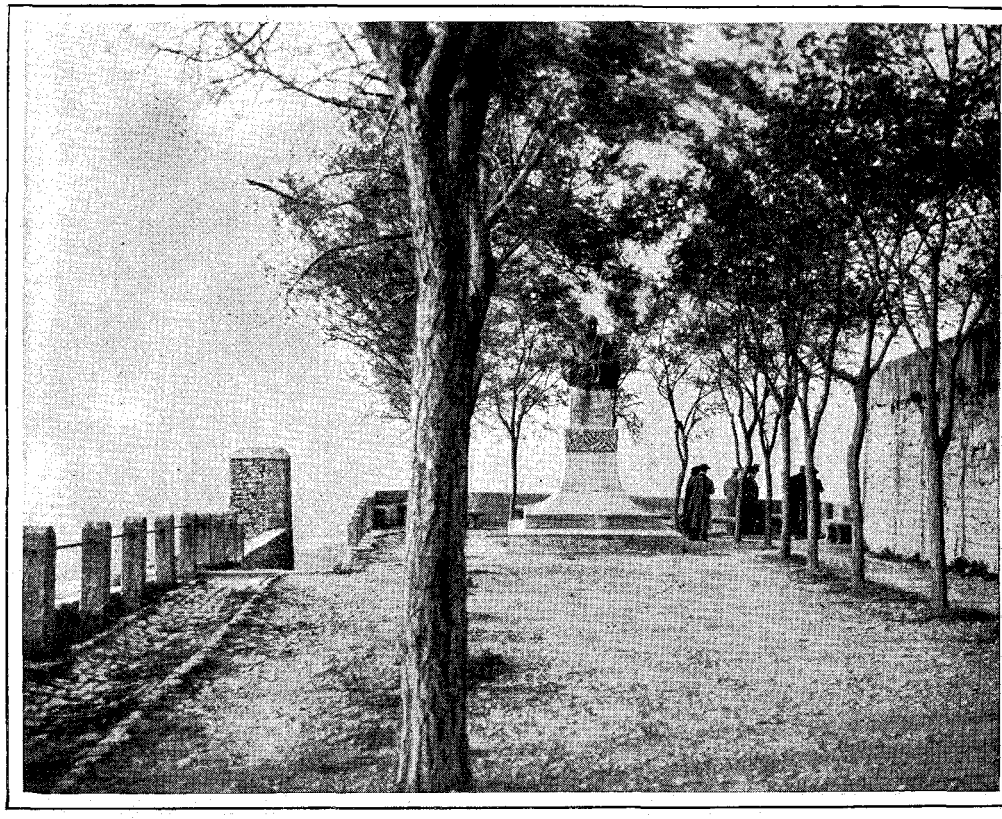
Statue of Liberty, with bands playing their national anthem, all stand uncovered while the flag is unfurled from the palace balcony. Then step forth the new Regent Captains dressed in costumes of the seventeenth century. In short breeches of black silk, black stockings and shoes with rosettes, black doublet with wide white collar and deep white cuffs, black mantle lined with azure silk, black velvet cap with trimmings of ermine, white gloves, and a rapier at their sides, they bespeak the dignity of the occasion. Behind them come their squires, the Noble Guard, and other high officers of state. The band sets up a lively air and the procession moves.

First it halts before the Palazzo Publico, where the retiring Presidents, wearing the decoration of the Equestrian Order of San Marino (why equestrian is a constant wonder) welcome and join the new executives; placing themselves so that the two nobles are on the right, for, even though a republic, there is a class distinction here, and, while the Presidents are endowed with equal authority, he from the citizens and rurals must stand at his colleague's left. Having exchanged expressions of mutual respect, the procession moves to the Cathedral, at the great door of which the Chief Priest, also Episcopal Auditor, does homage for the clergy, and all enter to attend the celebration of High Mass.

It is past noon when they emerge and march to the grand hall in the Palazzo Publico. Here, as in the Cathedral, the retiring Presidents retain the occupancy of their "thrones" (the term in use), while those newly elected are seated slightly lower on sub-thrones covered with red damask. A Government professor then steps forth to make the inaugural address, for which, it is written in the statutes, he shall receive one silver scudo (ninety-eight cents). This is usually a fiery speech, and, if measured by length, worth many times a scudo.

The Secretary of Home Affairs, who is also Secretary of the Council, now reads the Latin oath; whereupon the retiring Presidents leave their places, transfer the insignia of state from around their own necks to those of their successors, who mount the



BORGHESI MONUMENT PARK, A PROMENADE JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY WALLS
At the low wall where the people are standing there is a sheer drop of nearly 2,000 feet

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vacant thrones, take into their keeping the state seals, keys of the city, and other things which may happen to be lying about. The former chief executives, having been automatically returned to common clay, bow themselves out and mingle with the crowd.

At midday the following Sunday, again in the grand hall of the Palazzo Publico, is held the *arringo*—public assembly—at which the head of every family in the Republic may express his opinions and make petitions; and by ten o'clock that night, when the old campanile bell has struck four, the city, weary from its play, has sunk into slumber. Probably nothing will arouse it for another six months and until it is time for more Presidents to appear.

That old timepiece deserves a word. The bell was recast in 1758, but its age is unknown; yet such a tone is rarely to be heard in bells. It peals its hours in the puzzling manner of all very old Italian clocks, with a striking limit of six.

By this ancient tower is La Rocca, the prison, seeming about to totter from its dizzy balance on the extreme tip of a peak. Until a comparatively few years ago its only entrance was through a hole in the roof. He who would voluntarily gain admission here must hold a written permit from the Commissarial Tribunal. Nor is this all; he must sign a register pledging himself neither to speak nor give presents to the prisoners. This extreme caution is pleasantly diverting in view of the fact that when the writer visited La Rocca it had held no prisoner in three months. but he was made to sign the register. Where, otherwise, would be a *raison d'être* for the Commissarial Tribunal?

The usual emptiness of La Rocca, however, is not surprising when one is told of an existing agreement with Italy to incarcerate in her penitentiaries those offenders condemned to more than six months' servitude, for which San Marino pays a stipulated sum.

The judicial department is simple. Here it may be stated that the Constitution forbids judges, doctors, and captains of police to be citizens of the Republic. Therefore a foreign judge, known by the title of Sua Signoria, is employed to take up his residence within the city for three years. This time may be extended. From him emanate decrees in affairs of voluntary jurisdiction; he decides civil causes, conducts inquiries into criminal cases, and gives judgments on light offenses; but the final appeals are always decided by the Council of Twelve, assisted, whenever necessary, by some eminent jurist from Italy.

The official doctor likewise is brought from Italy and employed for three years. At all times he is subject to the public need, and his rules must be strictly obeyed.

The militia is an enthusiastic body of about one thousand, composed of all capable lay citizens between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five—except students; for San Marino insists upon education, and no illiterate may vote. The total number of this force is rarely under arms, but two companies of sixty men each are always in service—the Noble Guard and the Civil Guard. The former of these is the more jaunty, uniformed in blue with orange facings and sash, and hats with white and blue plumes.

The regular army is idolized by man, woman, and child; and is doubtless the most unique paid army in Europe, if not in the world. In it, with a confidence which is beautiful to behold, are vested the safety of the nation, the inviolability of her borders, the peace of her people. It is recruited from the Italian reservists, uniformed in blue and red, and the men have an appearance of being thoroughly trained and physically fit. Its total strength is six—just six able-bodied soldiers!

The same Providence which has saved a country with a standing army of six men from utter annihilation has also preserved its public health. Not a house in all the city has a pipe of any description leading into or out of it, and huge cisterns beneath the public square, filled exclusively by roof drainage, have been the only source of water supply for generations. These, however, are kept free from contamination by a law requiring owners of houses to brush their roofs at stated intervals. "We die, but we do not get sick," a Sammarinese sage told the writer. Every morning and evening the maids and swains gather at these cisterns to fill their water jugs.

The post-office, offering fifteen denominations of Sammarinese stamps current throughout the world, opens its little window at four stated hours in the twenty-four, and, if there is no one waiting, it closes; nor will entreaty prevail if one arrives late.

San Marino is famous for its mediæval appearance which no pen can draw, the picturesqueness of its customs, which in many respects have remained unchanged for centuries, and the fact that it is the smallest state and the oldest republic in the world.

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A LAD FROM NOWHERE

BY RUTH SAWYER

THE cabin stood by itself on the brae—a crow's flight from Killymard and the full-of-a-pipe's length from Carn-na-ween—with no path at all leading to it. It had done its best to get lost on the moorland. The very build of it—stoop-shouldered, with a ragged thatch and a bleary, cross-eyed look to the windows—offered scant welcome to visitors, and the way it seemed to scuttle in between the bank of furze and a cairn was a silent petition to all chancers-by to let it alone.

Yet everything had a habit of coming to its door. The stranger, trying a short cut to the quarries, would stumble over it, the lads, courting their lasses, with no eyes to follow their feet, would be knocking the toes of their brogues against the door-stone before they knew they were half over the brae; and the children, hunting for white heather or just dallying, would come upon it, "sudden-like," and scatter like a flock of startled sheep, hurrying back to the road as fast as flying feet could carry them. With the creatures it was the same. A sheep in lambing time, a hurt hare, or a wind-blown bird would fall across the door-sill in the dark and lie there for Hard Hannah to find in the morning. Whether she tended them or left them to die the people of Carn-na-ween could never have told.

It was the children of Carn-na-ween who had named her "Hard Hannah," and the name had been given the day she first appeared climbing the road from the Lazy Bush. They had overheard her talking to the agent on the matter of renting the cabin and had caught part of the name. Later, one of the neighbors had asked her, with proffered hospitality behind the question, "Are ye a sthranger hereabouts?" and she had snapped back in a harsh, creaking voice, "Aye, wi' the prospect o' bidin' one if I'm let have my wish." And then she had pointed with a long bony forefinger to the farther slope of Ben-Mor. "Ye see that cabin yondther? Well, I'm afther takin' it, an' I'm askin' naught o' nobody, ye undtherstand? I'll fetch for myself, an' when I'm needin' company I'll hunt it."

With that she had gone, her bundle over her shoulder and her plaid shawl flapping loose about her gaunt figure. "Some one has used her ill," one of the neighbors had said, looking after her. "Sorrow i' the heart is like rain on the turf: some it softens, but others it beats down hard—mortial hard."

From that day she had been "Hard Hannah" to the children. Who she really was and whence she had come or why were questions that were never asked nor answered. For "Be, an' let be" is a motto in Donegal and thereabouts, and if any one has a secret to keep she can keep it without being pestered. So Hard Hannah came to be the mystery of the crossroads; the children with their elders wondered about her, feared her—a great deal or a little, according to age—and left her alone.

It was but following the custom of other moorland wanderers, therefore, when the Lad scraped his shins against the cairn one dark night and staggered on—to drop at last in the wind-sheltered corner of the cabin. Hard Hannah found him soon after daybreak, unconscious from exhaustion and the long starving. She pulled him inside by the shoulders, his length trailing after him, for he was a heavy, overgrown lad, and propped him up in the chimney corner while she set about brewing some hot tea with which to rouse him.

With the steaming cup in one hand she shook the Lad with the other. "Here, open your mouth along wi' your eyes an' take a sup; 'twill fix ye."

The Lad did as he was bidden—gulping down the tea between panting breaths. When it was gone, he held out a nervous, twitching hand, "Bread—have ye a bit to spare?"

Hard Hannah broke off the end of a griddle loaf; and he was choking over the last mouthful when a fit of terror took him and he crouched at her feet, shaking and pulling at her skirts. "What ails ye?" she asked, not unkindly.

"Ye've not got a dog?" he asked, with quivering lips. "I'm scared to death o' dogs."

"No," said Hannah, much relieved.

He started to draw in his breath, but caught

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it half-way. "Ye've not got a cat—neither? I'm scared o' cats!"

Hannah shook her head. "But maybe ye might be scared o' me—most childher are," she suggested, grimly.

The Lad looked her over well. "I don't know—maybe. Have ye raised your hand to me yet?"

Hannah gave him look for look. "No; why should I?"

"I don't know—they all do." The Lad spoke dully; but a fresh fit of fear sharpened his wits the next instant. "Ye've not got a pig—have ye? I'm terrible scared o' pigs."

Something very like pity came into Hard Hannah's face; it covered up the grimness of the lips and the cold grayness of the eyes. "Poor wean! Ye can rest easy; there's nothin' hereabouts—just nothing! Now put this sackin' in undther ye, an' go to sleep by the fire, here, where 'tis warm."

She turned to go about her work of washing up; but a moment later she was back, looking down at him where he lay already asleep. Pale, pinched, and ragged, with blue rings under his closed eyes and a shaggy mop of colorless hair, no markings at all of eyebrow or eyelash, he looked as ill-conditioned and repelling as a mongrel terrier that has housed in the streets and fed in the gutter, and knows no human attributes other than kicks and harsh words.

"Ye're as ugly as sin," was Hannah's comment; then she laid a hand on his shoulder. "Wake up—till ye tell me where ye're from."

The Lad opened one eye stupidly.

"Where—are—ye—from?" Hannah repeated, insistently.

"Nowhere—just nowhere," and the Lad was off to sleep again.

"That's no place at all to come from," Hannah said, almost angrily; but the Lad was past reasoning with, and she left him to sleep on in peace and warmth undisturbed. "Sure, ye may wake wi' more sense," was her parting word.

When he did wake, hours later, it was with a start. Hannah, knitting near by, saw him throw a protecting arm across his face as if to parry a blow while he shambled clumsily to his feet. "There's no one strikin' at ye," she called out kindly. "Would ye like a bowl o' stirabout?"

"Will ye give me one?" the Lad answered, shrewdly, all the wits that he had wide awake.

Hannah smiled a queer, wry smile. "Aye, an' I'll fetch it now if ye'll tell me where ye're from."

He shifted his weight uncertainly from one leg to another. "From nowhere, just." A wise look came into his eyes, mixed with one of conciliation. "Have ye never heard of any one comin' from there afore? Sure, 'tis a common enough place—maybe ye came from near there yourself."

"Maybe I did," Hannah agreed, shortly; and she brought him the stirabout. She asked no more questions, respecting his silence as others had respected hers. "He's naught but a half-wit wi' most o' the sense beaten out o' him, I'm thinkin'," was her final comment as the lad pushed back his empty bowl and went over to one of the bleary windows.

"'Tis empty—empty o' everything," she heard him say as he stood looking across the sweep of moorland. "Not a creathure of any kind—nor lads to throw stones, nor men wi' sticks, nor nothin'. 'Twould be a grand place to live—wi' naught about to scare ye." He turned, to catch the eyes of Hard Hannah upon him. "Would ye let me bide here—just a bit?"

"Why should I?" Hannah asked, sharply.

He hitched one leg up under his arm and stood on the other like a wise old magpie. "I don't know," he said, slowly. "I was thinkin' ye might—just." A sudden bright thought flashed over his face and he hopped to Hannah on the one leg, pulling at her skirts with coaxing fingers. "I can make ye somethin' handy if ye'll let me bide; I can weave creels out o' the sally twigs—I can. *They* sold them market days an' bought snuff an' the bottleful wi' the pennies. They be's good creels. Will ye let me bide?"

The hard, bitter woman and the half-wit faced each other; both, having found that the world neither wanted nor heeded them, had drifted to this moorland-bound cabin, as derelict as themselves, and had somehow found each other. "If I was huntin' company," Hannah said at last, "I might have picked out somethin' pleasanter, maybe." And then she took the Lad firmly by the shoulders. "Hearken here: if I let ye bide, ye must stop gettin' afeard o' everythin' an' actin' like I was afther thrashin' ye every minute. I couldn't stand havin' ye shakin' an' whimperin' round, do ye mind?"

But already she could feel the shoulders shaking in her hold, and the Lad's eyes shifted

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past her while the lips trembled piteously. "Ye don't keep a cow, do ye?" he sobbed. "I'm mortial feared o' cows."

"God help ye!" muttered Hannah, under her breath. "If they'd ha' smothered ye afore ye gave your first cry,' twould ha' been kindther." And then, aloud, "Is there anythin' at all ye're not afeard o'?"

The Lad studied her with a puzzled look. "I'm not afeard o' ye, I'm thinkin'."

Hannah laughed outright. "Well, that's a mercy!" and she went on with the knitting.

The Lad stayed on in the cabin. Day followed day and week followed week in unbroken quiet. Something of the peace of heathered moorland and blue sky and lark song with something of the strength of encompassing hills entered into the Lad's soul, until he forgot to cringe and shake every time Hard Hannah spoke or the wind rattled the dry thatch. In place of the ever-abiding fear a new look crept into his eyes, a look that foretold happiness. He took to crooning odd little scraps of songs, piecing them together with no regard to sense or rhythm; and sometimes Hannah came upon him, unnoticed, playing little-lad games with stones and twigs and broken bits of dishes. Watching the change, unconsciously Hannah took a hand in the healing. Her ways grew gentler, her lips unbent into occasional wintry smiles, while she talked to the Lad a strange mixture of pagan tales and Bible verses and things wrought out of her own memory or fancy. Her tongue found an open road to anything that spoke of a kinder world, with nature and mankind less brute and more brother. If the Lad understood aught of her meaning, he gave no sign for her to reckon by.

One morning as the Lad unbarred the door and started forth for an armful of turf to rekindle the fire he came to a sudden stop, a foot over the door-sill. It took but the one glance in the direction of the furze to send him with a cry of terror back to Hannah, his face frozen white and his hands trembling.

"Ye'll not let it in?" he whimpered, his arms thrown about her, that he might both plead with her and hold her back from the terrifying thing. "Ye'll bar the door against it—ye will?" he wailed.

"God rest our souls—what is it?" Hannah asked, catching the Lad's fear herself.

"Dthraw the latch—dthraw it fast!" and the Lad's teeth began a loud chattering.

Hannah moved nervously towards the partly opened door, her hand outstretched that she might push the bolt quickly. But it chanced as she passed a window that curiosity held her back for a look; then incredulity kept her for another.

"Holy Saint Michael, 'tis but a lamb!" and she turned about, feeling both angry and foolish. "Did ye know it was naught but a wee lamb?"

"Aye," came the anguished voice from the chimney corner. "Aye; an' I'm scared to death o' lambs."

For the first time the full pathos of the Lad's fear-stricken nature dawned on Hannah, awakening all the latent motherhood in her. Her whole being seemed flooded with the glory of it, and she stood dumb and transfixed with the miracle. It was the Lad's low, inarticulate moans that set her mind and body into action again. She crossed the room to the chimney corner; kneeling beside the Lad, she put her arms tight around him.

"Ye hearken to me, laddie. The wee lamb yondther is caught in the furze; the wool is all tangled up wi' the sharp twigs, and, like as not, when it couldn't get free it was so afeared o' us—ye an' me—lest we might come out an' beat it, that it jumped about, near killin' itself. The leg of it's broke, I'm thinkin'."

The Lad's moans had ceased; he was listening to Hannah, and he craned his neck up a bit to see if he could catch a glimpse of the creature. Hannah took heed.

"Come over an' take a look at it; 'twill not harm ye—that much;" and with a gentle arm on his shoulder she led him, bit by bit, over to the window. "Ye can see, for sure, how afeared he is of us by the way he scrooches in undther the brush an' looks about him wi' the big scared eyes."

The Lad looked closer. "What makes him afeared of us?" he asked, bewildered.

"We be's bigger, wi' hands to hold a stick or a stone an' the strength to use them. We could beat him, if we wished to; couldn't we?"

"Aye," agreed the Lad.

"An' if we went out to fetch him in, he'd be thinkin' that's what we came for—to hurt him—an' he'd be more scared than ye were a moment past."

"But we wouldn't harm the wee thing." And the Lad spoke with decision.

"We wouldn't, for sure; but how is he knowin' that? Do ye think, now," suggested

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Hannah, warily, "that we might go out softly—kind o' talkin' an' callin' to him same as his mother might—just to show him we were meanin' no harm? If we could get him wi'out scarin', we might bind the leg an' nurse him well."

"An' bring him inside?" The Lad asked it with considerable apprehension.

"If we left him yondther, some bad lad might happen by an' stone him. Ye'd not like to see that, would ye?"

The Lad shivered and shook his head. Hesitatingly he edged towards the door, Hannah keeping well in the rear. He reached the door, stopped a moment, then with shaking hands he went on to the lamb, bleating a feeble cry of reassurance as he went. The creature turned a pair of timid eyes upon him; and for the first time in his life the Lad felt himself the feared instead of the fearing. The effect was instant—all the protecting, nurturing instinct of the true-hearted rose rampant within him. He crouched down beside the lamb; with eager fingers he freed the wool from the network of branches, all the while quieting the little creature with crooning words. Then he gathered it tenderly in his arms and carried it in, Hannah watching silently all the while.

"Do ye think we could give it a sip o' milk?" he asked; and then added, wonderingly, "Wee things are not afeard if ye are kind—now."

The lamb was nursed to well and full-grown sheephood, and returned by the Lad to its flock in the next pasture. Afterwards the Lad ran home, breathless, to Hannah.

"There were more nor a hundthred sheep yondther. I fed them salt and rubbed their noses, an' I was not afeard o' them, nor them o' me."

This was the beginning of the Lad's liberation—the liberation of a mind and soul which had been so bound with fear and dread and unkindness that they had become barely ghosts of mind and soul. "'Tis carin' for wee hurt creathures that will make him forget bein' scared," Hannah thought to herself, and she went out seeking them. She saw to it that an old sheep dog, past its days of usefulness and harried by the boys of a near-by hamlet, should find its way to their cabin. A bobtailed cat with one eye followed, and when winter came the cabin housed a kid, a calf, and a lame gander as well. The Lad claimed them, each one, as they came, and held them as his own, indisputable property. Wherever he went—hunting fagots or to fetch a creel of turf from the bogman's—they followed him, trailing over the moorland in single file; and they always kept their appointed places—the dog close to his heels, the cat, the kid, the calf, and the gander with a rolling limp in the rear. At night they took their dole of food about the hearth—all but the calf—and the Lad fed them before he ever sat down to his own bowl of stirabout.

"'Tis a grand family, just," he would say proudly to Hannah. "See how I'm afther puttin' manners on them all."

As spring came he remembered his promise, or bargain, as he called it. He and the creatures betook themselves down the valley to the river for green sally wands. These he stripped and wove into creels—all sizes and shapes—with the skill and deftness of a master hand.

"Your fingers be's nimbler than your wits," Hannah said, watching him. And afterwards she said to herself, "There be's the makin' of a man in him yet, maybe—"

Now, although the Lad had overcome his fear of creatures, his fear of lads and men was the same. The bogman—more half-witted than himself—was the only human being he would go near; and all the wily stratagems on Hannah's part would not get him into Killymard or Carn-na-ween. With the finishing of the creels a new idea came to Hannah.

"'Tis spring fair day to-morrow at Donegal, an' 'tis the best time to sell the creels, I'm thinkin'," she said one night as they sat together by the hearth.

"Aye," agreed the Lad.

"They be's a good bit of a load for one back," Hannah suggested, cautiously.

"Aye," agreed the Lad again.

"An' the road's long an' a bit lonesome for one thrampin' alone."

The Lad looked across at Hannah, wistfully. "I might go wi' ye for company—I might. There are not so many about on a fair day, afther all."

They said no more about it that night; but the next morning the Lad divided the creels into two piles, tying each together, and, swinging the heavier across his shoulders, he passed the other to Hannah with the information that he was "every bit ready."

The two of them were merry on the road—merrier than they had been in all their meager life before. Many passed them, wishing them "a brave day;" and Hannah noticed

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with pride that there was no cringing or fear in the lad as he gave the greeting back. He took a strange, exultant delight in everything he saw: each new color or marking of spring, and all the new-born creatures. The tramping was made doubly long by their stopping at pasture gates to pat the sleek sides of the kine or rub the noses of the sheep; and every dog or cat or gander was given a loving stroke for the sake of their brothers, shut in the cabin on Ben-Mor for safekeeping. When they reached the town diamond at last, the fair was in full swing, and they set about selling their creels with no waste of breath or time.

The Lad was kept too busy at his work of counting pennies to take any heed of the crowd about them; and when the last creel had gone he turned to Hannah with shining eyes. "Ye count all the pennies yourself, an' if there be's enough for the price of a shawl I'd be likin' to have ye get one—yours be's worn bad." He poked his fingers through a few of the holes to prove the truth of his words.

Hannah consented; and, leaving him outside the shop to wait, she went to choose "the prettiest," according to the Lad's wish. Left alone for the first time the Lad became conscious of those about him; and with the consciousness came the old dread. Just then a bully walked past; in a glance he took in the shrinking, scared look of the Lad, and, scenting an easy thing, began teasing him. A crowd of smaller boys soon gathered to watch the fun and urge matters on.

"Say 'bread,' an' I'll pull three hairs out o' your head," sang out the bully, using one of the many overtures to a fight so common among Irish boys; and he suited the action to the words.

"Let me be," whimpered the Lad; "can't ye let me be?" and terror showed plain in his eyes.

The bully saw it—so did the others; and, like a pack of wolves tracking one of their own wounded, they closed in on him. When Hannah came out a few minutes later, all she could see of the Lad was a fleeing figure far off on the road to the Lazy Bush, and the boys crowded on the bridge still hurling contemptuous epithets after him. All the pride of the morning left her; sick at heart, with the new shawl crumpled heedlessly under her arm, she took the road after him.

Under the Lazy Bush, his head pillowed on the gray stone, and sobbing convulsively, she found him. "Did the other lads hurt ye?" she asked, trying to keep all hint of her shame of him out of her voice.

"'Twasn't the hurt—'twas the fear o' them I ran from," and the Lad dug the tears from his eyes with two shaking fists.

"Aye, I know," was Hannah's only comment, while she wondered, now that all their fight against that fear had counted for naught, if there was any use in beginning over again. The hopelessness of the Lad's condition struck her for the first time. With a more grim set to the lips than was usual, she folded the shawl cornerwise and put it about her shoulders. "Is it pretty?" she asked, at last. And then, not waiting for his answer, she added, "If ye've your breath caught, we'll start on."

At that moment a cart-load of drunken tinkers appeared over the crest of the hill, coming towards them; and Hannah drew herself and the Lad back farther under the shadow of the bush that they might be passed unnoticed. There were four in the cart—a man driving the donkey, a woman, sodden and cursing, on the floor with a new-born baby and a little boy at her feet, while a second man walked at the donkey's head. As the cart came abreast of the Lazy Bush a terrified cry rang out from the cart, bringing the Lad, like a shot, to his feet.

"That was the cry of a wee one—his father sthruck him, I'm thinkin'," and even as the Lad spoke the man driving raised his hand again and struck the boy, another cry ringing out. In an instant the Lad was down the road after them, his head thrown back, his eyes blazing fury.

"Ye stop beatin' the wee one! Ye stop—do ye hear?" he kept shouting; and Hannah, from the shelter of the Lazy Bush, stood paralyzed with amazement.

"Brat's mine—beat him 'f I like," snarled the tinker, and in defiance his hand was raised again. This time it fell heavier and there was no answering cry—only a dull thud where the unconscious little body had dropped.

"Curse ye! 'Tis murdther ye're doin', an' worse than murdther. I'll thrash ye till ye'll remember to keep your hands off wee lads." And the Lad sprang at him, dragging him from the cart.

"Come back!" shouted Hannah, getting her voice at last. "Don't ye see, there be's two o' them, an' they'll fight like beasts."

But the Lad's ears were choked with a

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child's cry, and he heard naught of the warning. He was fighting as a champion might have fought in the days of the Red Branch Knights—succoring the helpless; moreover, he was paying back, for two, all past scores of cruelty and injustice. Left to himself, the man would have been beaten; but there was the tinker at the donkey's head to be reckoned with. He stood, muddled-headed, for a while, until he began to realize that his fellow-journeyman was getting the worst of it. Then he shambled over to the cart, and, fumbling among the tinkering truck in one corner, he drew out a heavy soldering-iron. Brandishing it wildly, he came up back of the Lad.

Hannah saw—and sprang at him. He kicked her down in a trice; and the next moment he was raining blow after blow on the Lad's head.

Some men from Carn-na-ween happened down the road when there was nothing left for them to do but pick the Lad and Hannah up and carry all concerned to Donegal. There the constable jailed the tinkers—all but the little boy; he, with the Lad and Hannah, was carried on to Dr. Danny's. Hannah was only stunned, and the boy's hurt was slight, but the Lad never opened his eyes again. His breath went softly as a lark leaves its marshy nest and goes lilting into the sky; and there was a smile on his lips as Dr. Danny folded his hands and said the only prayer he ever made for the dead: "God grant ye a quiet sleep and a glad waking!"

"Where was he from?" Dr. Danny asked Hannah afterwards; for he had heard of Hannah's coming to the cabin on Ben-Mor, and something of the Lad.

Hannah shook her head sorrowfully. "From nowhere, just. He was one of those unnamed lads from nowhere that come into the world unasked, I'm thinkin', with little for their inheritance an' less for their welcome. 'Twas cruel hard for him to go that way."

"I don't know—" Dr. Danny mused, thoughtfully; and then, seeing the rebellious grief in Hannah's eyes, a whimsical little smile brushed his lips. "There's one thing—he'll not have to be telling them yonder that he's a lad from nowhere. I can hear him saying, so proudly, 'Sure, I'm Hannah's Lad from Donegal.'"

A week later Hannah appeared early one morning in Donegal—a strange company with her. Only pity for her recent bereavement kept the smiles from the faces of the Donegal folk she passed on her way to Dr. Danny's with an old dog close to her heels, followed by a cat, a goat, a heifer, and, in the far rear, a lame gander.

"I came, hearin' ye were needin' a housekeeper, an' that them tinkers had left the wee laddie on your hands to tend." Hannah paused for the space of a moment. "I'd like to be tendin' the both of ye—if ye'll let me. Seems like I've got the habit an' couldn't give it up." Then, seeing the look of wonder on Dr. Danny's face concerning the company she had brought, she added: "Them were the Lad's. Sure, I couldn't be leaving them afther me. Could I, just?"

More than half a score of years Hard Hannah has lived at Dr. Danny's, tending him along with the outcasts and unfortunates that have a way of coming to his door. The children who first named her have long since grown up and forgotten that they ever called her "hard." Instead, they and their children call her just "Old Hannah," and there is a deal of love in the way they say it.

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ANTECEDENTS OF THE BALKAN CRISIS

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

THE best of authorities informs us that when "Satan shall be loosed out of his prison, . . . he shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle." As the fearful European war proceeds on its road of blood and tears, one after another of the nations of Europe and Asia are compelled to join the frightful procession; and at last the little Balkan States are plunging into the fray. Bulgaria is already a combatant; and let no one deceive himself into thinking that it will be possible for any Power between the Black Sea and the Adriatic to stand neutral.

Why should these terrors overwhelm a region occupied by some of the smallest and least developed of the countries of the world —states that need above all things peace, prosperity, education, and commercial development in order to take their place among the world's significant countries? The fundamental difficulty in the Balkans is a rivalry of races, languages, and religions which is fiercer than anywhere else in the world. Every soul in the Balkans, except a few hundred thousand Turks and Albanians, belongs to a Christian church. A great part of the population is of the mighty Slavic race. Yet nowhere in Christendom, or out of it, is there such a terrific feeling of hatred and determination to put down neighboring peoples.

Heaven knows that the Balkans have had their experience of war! The country has been overrun by Greeks, Persians, Slavs, Romans, Bulgars, Turks, Hungarians, Russians, Austrians, and now by Germans. In the four years since 1911 this is the fourth devastating Balkan war. Thousands of villages and farmsteads which were sacked and ruined in 1912 and 1913 have not yet been rebuilt. The wearied combatants have hardly taken breath. There has been no time to repair the ravages and losses. Men are fighting as bands of wolves fight, because they seem no longer to know any other mode of life.

GEOGRAPHICAL SITUATION

The ultimate and implacable cause of the present war is the geographical situation of the Balkans. The peninsula is not a considerable part of the surface of Europe. It extends only about four hundred and fifty miles from the Black Sea to the Danube and only about three hundred miles from the Carpathians to the Adriatic, and is not much larger than the State of Montana. Nevertheless, it is associated with the history of that tremendous struggle between Europe and Asia which has lasted in one form or another since Xerxes came gorgeously marching to destroy those pestilent Greeks and put an end to European civilization. It is a terrible misfortune to the Balkans to lie on the world's easiest highway from the interior of Europe to the interior of Asia. It has brought woe and destruction to it to be for ages the frontier land of Europe. In the year 1915 the Balkans include a stretch of about five hundred miles on a possible intercontinental route from the North Atlantic to India. For that reason, the attention of Europe is suddenly directed to countries which never could affect the world's history by local squabbles or by wars among neighbors.

An area 450 miles long and 300 miles wide, besides the jutting-out promontories of Moldavia on the north, Bosnia on the west, and Greece on the south, might play a great part in history if the inhabitants were united. The area of the Balkan States taken together, including Rumania and Bosnia, is 180,000 square miles, which is not much less than the area of France, and its population of eighteen or nineteen millions is nearly half that of France. Considering the natural defensive strength of the peninsula, its favorable geographical situation between the Black, Ægean, and Adriatic Seas, and the capacity of its people—nineteen millions—the Balkans would make a strong nation if they knew how to be a nation. The first reason for the Balkan war is that the Balkan Peninsula cannot be brought into a peaceful union.

RACE RIVALRIES

The second, and perhaps the most serious reason why there is again an inter-Balkan war is the violent race rivalry. Though the larger part of the population is Slav, there are in the peninsula three other vigorous race elements—the Turks, Greeks, and Albanians; and most of the countries are rent by race

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divergencies within their own borders. The Rumanians are infused with the belief that they are a Roman race. The philologist must decide whether there are or are not considerable remnants of the Latin language in the present Rumanian tongue; but, considering that Rumania has been the highway for contending races throughout the fourteen hundred years since the fall of the Roman Empire, it does not seem reasonable to suppose that the nation is less Slav than the neighboring lands north, south, east, and west, though there is doubtless a mixture of many races. The Bulgarians believe the original Bulgars to have been an Asiatic race; but those conquerors must have been few in proportion, for they adopted the language of the vanquished, and Bulgaria is essentially a Slav Power. Servia is a typical Slav country, though within its borders can be found many Vlachs—that is, Wallachians from Rumania—Bulgarians, and Albanians. The Bosnians are mostly Slav. The Greeks are a tolerably definite race, but within their borders are many Bulgarians. Within the small area left to Turkey in the Balkans, which includes the city of Constantinople, are many thousand Greeks and some Bulgarians and Armenians.

In addition to these race differences there is a lack of religious unity in the Balkans. There are some Roman Catholics in Albania and Bosnia, and the Moslems have not yet entirely withdrawn from the territory taken from them in 1912; otherwise, the Balkan people are everywhere ministered to by the Greek Church. Only, there are as many Greek churches as countries! Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Rumania each has its own church organization, and none of them is in organic relation with the greater Greek Church of Russia. It is one of the curiosities of ecclesiasticism that the Russian services are held in Old Bulgarian—which is no longer understood even in Bulgaria; the reason being that the first Christian missionaries came to Bulgaria, converted the people, and thence the movement proceeded into Russia.

RACE FRACTIONS

Language and religion are not the only basis of the intense subdivision of feeling in the Balkans. The whole region is parceled out among race fractions, some of which are no larger than a hamlet. Rumanians, Bulgarians, Servians, and Greeks have a sharp consciousness of race persistence, and at the same time every state is intent upon breaking up the race units of other peoples which exist within its borders. If Greece were peopled only by Greeks, and Bulgaria by Bulgarians, and Servia by Servians, the task would be easier. It is a curse to the peninsula that the villagers have pushed this way and that wherever there was vacant land or wherever they could make a vacancy by driving out the previous holders. The result is the creation of race islands in the midst of angry race seas.

So long as the Turks were masters of the Balkan Peninsula—which was a little matter of about five centuries—these race rivalries were dormant. Greeks and Bulgarians enjoyed their shindies, but the Turkish masters impartially punished both. The real depth and width of race feeling were revealed two years ago when the question had to be faced of how the territory taken from the Turks by the Balkan allies was to be subdivided; that process was at the same time the last chapter of Turkish empire in the Balkans and the first chapter of violent internal struggles. Every one of the four independent Balkan Powers wants more territory. They feel the stirring which led the United States to want Porto Rico, and perhaps to want Mexico; they desire to enlarge the power and importance of their countries. Still more, each one is eager to prepare the way for a position as the leading Balkan Power.

RACE CONTENTIONS

The territorial issue was first clearly raised in the spring of 1913, when the astonished Balkan allies saw the hated Turks driven back to the protection of the Tchataldja lines, almost in sight of Constantinople. The loot was bigger than anybody had ever dreamed of securing. At the beginning of the war in 1912 Bulgaria and Servia had made a formal treaty for the subdivision of their conquests, by which a line was to be drawn west of the Varda River as far as Lake Okrida. The basis of this line appears to have been the well-known fact that there were numbers of Bulgarians in that part of Macedonia. When the war was over, the Servians objected to that subdivision, upon the ground that the conquests in the southeast (which must infallibly go to Bulgaria, and which included the city of Adrianople) were a totally unexpected windfall, and that the Bulgarians, therefore, ought to give way in the west. A second point was that the

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Servians wanted to obtain a convenient access to the sea, and therefore objected to a triangle of Bulgarian territory thrust between them and Salonika. In the third place, the Servians had actually marched to the Adriatic and hoped to extend their territory to that sea; but the Great Powers of Europe prevented, and they sought to find their compensation in Macedonia.

Upon this issue the Balkan alliance broke up in 1913. Greece had no desire to see the Bulgarian boundary brought to within twenty miles of Salonika, and sided with Servia. It seems well established now that the actual hostilities were inaugurated by Bulgaria, though neither the Prime Minister nor the King has ever admitted that he gave any such orders. The writer was in Sofia on June 30, 1913, the day when this second war broke out; and it seemed to him that the Bulgarians desired a territorial expansion which would make them clearly the strongest native Balkan Power; that the real issue in their minds was not so much immediate territory as future supplies of troops.

Nobody knows whether the Bulgarians could have made headway against the Servian and Greek allies, because Rumania, which has a large and apparently an efficient army, descended upon the back of Bulgaria. When the Rumanian cavalry was within a day's march of Sofia, Bulgaria gave way. The Turks played the practical joke of retaking Adrianople, which they still hold; and the Greeks, apparently as a punishment, took from the Bulgarians the port of Kavala, which was of great significance for their commercial development, while Rumania took the opportunity to pry off a little square of territory south of the Danube.

The result was that the Bulgarians, after fighting a vain battle against three opposing Powers, came out with less territory than had been clearly theirs before the second war. That left a feeling of resentment and bitterness toward all three of the victorious Powers, and, at the same time, the Bulgarians curiously inclined to an accommodation with their ancient and recent enemies, the Turks.

ALBANIA

During the last two years, while Bulgaria was nursing a sense of injury and of balked ambition, an unforeseen disturbance came about in the Balkans over the future of Albania. Here is one of the insoluble problems of modern times. The Albanians are an ancient race, as old as the Greeks and Etruscans, the only Balkan people who were never conquered by either Romans or Turks. They have no written language, and apparently no traditional literature. They are as far from the Slavs as they are from the Australians in tradition, language, history, and national standards. They resemble nothing so much as the old-time clans of the Highland Scotch, and are as peaceful toward their neighbors and among themselves as those clans were three hundred years ago. They are divided into three religious groups—Greek Catholic, Roman Catholic, and Moslem.

The Albanians occupy a strong position in the mountains of the western Balkans, from which they can be driven by nothing short of that process of extermination which was familiar to the Romans and has again been made a state policy by the modern Turks. They are a fierce, intractable people who have pushed out into the neighboring country as far as they could, and are looked upon by Servians, Bulgarians, and Greeks as a nation of bandits. Their reputation among their neighbors is sufficiently illustrated by the explanation of a Servian officer to the writer: "What kind of people are the Albanians? They are this kind: There is an Albanian. He has a gun. You have a button on your coat. He wants that button. He shoots you and takes that button!"

Their country nominally includes the seaports on the Adriatic; and Servia had an intense and just desire to move into northern Albania and build railways which would lead directly from the interior to the sea. The united Great Powers of Europe forbade this step, and drove the Montenegrins out of the fortress of Skutari, which they had valiantly captured. The official basis of this procedure was that Albania had as good a right to nationality as any other Balkan people, and that Europe must stand behind them in making themselves a nation.

The net result of this policy has been an international failure. It has aroused the keenest resentment from Servia and Montenegro. The Bulgarians have no interest in seeing Albania become a real Balkan Power; the Greeks have moved up on the south and taken as much of Albania as they dare; and the Italians have crossed the Adriatic and occupied some of the ports, in flat violation of the international policy of giving the Albanians their own territory. The so-called King of Albania, the Prince of Wied, was the

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walking gentleman in a political opera bouffe which would have delighted the soul of Offenbach. The Albanians are in a chronic state of revolt or starvation—nobody seems to know which.

The thing in this complication which most arouses the Balkans is the entrance of Italy into the hurly-burly. Rumania has a sentimental attachment to Italy on the ground that both countries are Roman; but to all the other Balkan Powers it is intolerable that Italians should seek territory in the peninsula from which the Turks have been expelled, and out of which the Austrians were kept till the present war. Italy is an additional factor of rivalry and hatred where there are already too many; and the manifest ambition of the Italians to take territory in the Balkans is probably one of the reasons for the determination of Bulgaria to join the Germans.

THE GREAT POWERS IN THE BALKANS

The two wars of 1912 and 1913 left the Balkans in a fearful state of confusion and hatred. National feeling was terribly exasperated by outrages upon non-combatants and prisoners, for which every one of the Balkan Powers was responsible. An impartial commission went over the ground after the so-called peace of Bucharest in 1913. Their report, based upon personal observation and indubitable testimony, is an indictment of the armies, people, and Governments of Bulgaria, Servia, and Rumania. Torture, violence, fire, and sword added their ravages to the horrors of the two years' wars.

If the investigator goes behind the Blue Books and Red Books and White Books and note-books, the telegrams and instructions and reports and ultimatums, he finds that the breaking strain behind the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente came over the question whether Servia should be allowed to develop as the nucleus of a Balkan Power, which would probably draw the Slavs of Croatia, Slavonia, and Bosnia out of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The murder of the Archduke and heir to the Imperial throne by Austrian subjects in June, 1914, was only the match that touched off the bonfire. The ambitions of Servia to revive the glories of the Empire of Czar Duschan, who ruled before the Turks came, stand out clearly enough; though there is neither proof nor likelihood that the Servian Government had any hand in the murder. Nevertheless the incident threw up in sharp relief the rivalry in the Balkans between Austro-Hungarian influence and Russian influence. If Servia were not "punished," Austro-Hungarian prestige was weakened in the Balkans; if Servia were "punished," Russia ceased to be the leading foreign Power in the Balkans. The outbreak of the war, therefore, was a manifestation of unquenchable rivalry for the Balkans between two external empires.

"Those Great Powers stir us up; they make us fight," said a distinguished military officer in one of the Balkan States a few years ago. Servia, and now Montenegro, then Bulgaria, and soon Greece and probably Rumania must be plunged into the maelstrom of European war because two powerful neighbors are unwilling to let the Balkan States work out their own destinies. Those little States could still be saved but that they would rather fight each other than unite into a confederation which could abundantly protect itself for the time being.

THE ORIENTAL HIGHWAY THROUGH THE BALKANS

Still for more than a year Rumania, Bulgaria, and Greece have kept out of the conflict, and might have maintained neutrality, however charged with suspicion against each other, but for the coming in of Turkey as the ally of Germany and Austria-Hungary. To pass from Hungary to Turkey it was absolutely necessary to cross Servia and Bulgaria or Rumania and Bulgaria. The sea routes were sealed up by the allied fleets, and there was no practicable land route except through Belgrade and Sofia, or else through Bucharest, Sofia, and Adrianople. German officers, apparently with some troops and munitions, passed over the Rumanian route, and thus brought commanders, shells, drilled men, and courage to the beleaguered Turks.

No one can say with assurance whether it has been part of the German plan of campaign from the beginning to hew a permanent world highway through the Balkans. In any case, Germany has long cherished what seemed at first a mere dream, a plan for German-Austrian control of a through line of rail communication from the North Sea to Constantinople. The through-rail line has been linked together for some years, but includes stretches of Servian, Bulgarian, or Rumanian state railway. There seemed no possibility of a German control short of con-

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quering one or two of the countries which must be piers to this Imperial bridge.

Hence the tremendous pressure that has been put by German diplomats upon Bulgaria to join their cause and give them at least a passage for their armies to relieve Constantinople. The conception is one of immense import; for it is part of a scheme for a through railway line which shall be essentially a German military highway from Hamburg to Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade or Bucharest, Adrianople, Constantinople, Aleppo, Bagdad, and Bussorah, to the frontiers of India. Why not beyond to Calcutta, Mandalay, and Canton?

Such a line would parallel the Russian railway through Siberia and the English sea route through the Suez Canal; its underlying idea is, not simply commercial, but political. Germany hopes to be the heir of Turkey in Asia, and perhaps of England in India. For twenty-five years the Germans have been the special friends and advisers of the Turks. They have secured railway and mining concessions, they have invested capital, they have been the first Europeans to solve the difficult problem of a railway down the Euphrates and Tigris Valley. Of course, if the Germans reach Constantinople and save the Turkish Empire from the Allies, there will be no more Turkey either in Europe or Asia, except as a satellite power attached to Berlin. Such a result would be of immense import to Russia because it would build a tight dam across the water route to the Mediterranean, via the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, which has been the object of Russian war and diplomacy for a century and a half. Bulgaria, in aiding to open that line, is therefore acting in direct opposition to the dearest ambitions of Russia.

WHAT THE BALKAN POWERS ARE FIGHTING FOR

This Imperial German policy is so obvious that outside observers must suppose that a high price has been offered to Bulgaria for favoring it. That price must include Macedonia, Adrianople, probably Salonika, now held by the Greeks; possibly an approach to the Adriatic Sea through Albania, and the return of the territory on the Danube taken by Rumania two years ago. Such an extension of territory would make Bulgaria decidedly the most populous and most favorably situated of all the Balkan Powers. Less than such a local primacy would hardly be worth Bulgaria's while. To gain it she must expect fierce and enduring hatred in the hearts of the Rumanians, Servians, Albanians, and Greeks. Doubtless the obligation of the Bulgarians to accept a highway across their territory under German control is sweetened with pledges which the Germans will be able to meet if they are victorious in the whole war. The status of the Balkans in that case must, however, inevitably be that of dependency upon Germany. It is hard to see how any Balkan State could be more independent or more of a power in the world than Portugal or Cuba. It is not an accident that the King of Bulgaria, the late King of Rumania, and the Queen of Greece have all been Germans.

The Bulgarians are considered a very strong and sensible folk, tough, far-sighted, and intensely patriotic. They probably believe that they can protect themselves from undesired consequences of admitting the Germans into the heart of the Balkans; but they have for some time been backed up by Austria-Hungary in their enterprises, and seem to prefer that line of influence to the Russian. Servia is just going into the fires of a fourth year of war, every one of which has been beyond her strength. Rumania, which is credited with a particularly efficient army, still stands "off and on" without taking a definite course. In Greece, Venizelos, the only great Balkan statesman who has appeared in centuries, is struggling against an adhesion to Germany which he evidently thinks would be a fatal policy for his country. Of all the Balkan peoples, the Greeks have most to lose from a German-Austrian victory, for that would leave to a German decision Salonika, their ambitions in Albania, and the future of the Greek islands, some of which are still in Turkish or Italian hands. The friend, ally, and future master of the Turkish Empire would seem to be the natural enemy of Greece. Yet the Greek race has hundreds of thousands of hostages within the Turkish Empire, who, in case of war, might possibly be put through the same fearful process of elimination as that which has been applied to the Armenians.

That any one of the Balkan States is consenting to give up its independence is incredible. They are simply tangled up in the folds of that awful sea serpent of war which writhes and twists among the nations. They seem to be drawn into hostilities, they hardly know why. The small Balkan Powers, which, united, might very likely hold the balance of power in the European war, are riven asunder; whoever gains in this war, most of them are bound to lose.

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COMMERCE AND FINANCE

ON SOME SUBJECTS SUGGESTED BY OUTLOOK READERS. HOW TO READ THE FINANCIAL PAGE OF THE NEWSPAPER—CONVERTIBLE BONDS—THE CAUSES OF BUSINESS FAILURE—A PLEA FOR MIDDLE-AGED MEN

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

IN The Outlook of September 22 I solicited letters suggesting the topics upon which the writers would most like to hear from me in these articles.

This request I am glad to say has been numerously complied with, and I am greatly indebted to those who have been willing so to aid me in my endeavor to give practical value and interest to what I am privileged to publish in this magazine.

I regret that it is impossible for me to write upon all the subjects that have been suggested. To do that would require every page of The Outlook for several issues.

Moreover, some of the letters request information in regard to particular investments or special matters concerning which I am ignorant or unwilling to advise, and a discussion of which would not have any general interest.

I have, however, selected from among the many topics suggested a few that would seem to have undoubted interest for all those who think upon economic matters at all, and shall endeavor to deal with them briefly in this article.

Mr. Acheson Smith, of Niagara Falls, New York, asks

How to Read the Financial Page of a Daily Newspaper? and requests an explanation of the various figures that are usually published, such as bank loans, cash reserve, bank clearings, and an interpretation of the variations in these figures.

Since the daily paper is for most of us our only source of information upon financial subjects, it is most important that we should be able to read it intelligently, and yet it is exceedingly difficult to formulate any rule by which our reading should be guided.

The figures which appear in the financial columns of the papers are for the most part historical. They are records of what *has* happened, and we all want to know what *is* to happen.

Our reading must therefore be interpretative. Increasing bank loans and a diminishing cash reserve show that people are borrowing more money. Up to a certain point they indicate business expansion that augurs well for the future. If, however, the reserves are approaching the legal minimum, it is a sign that the lending ability of the banks is nearing the limit, and that the extension of credit will shortly be checked by an advance in the rates of interest.

A restriction in business activity is then logically to be expected, but this is often delayed because in times of prosperity men are frequently willing and able to pay more for borrowed money than when business is dull and profits are poor.

The result is that new capital is attracted to the banks and a "boom" sometimes continues for a long time after the reserve is down to the legal minimum.

Moreover, the rediscounts provided for under the new Federal Reserve system greatly increase the lending capacity of the banks, and it seems likely that in the future deserving borrowers will always be able to obtain credit at a rate that is not exorbitant. If this proves to be the case, the interest rates at the great money centers will be more barometric than bank reserves.

The significance of bank clearings is obvious. They are the totals of all checks drawn upon banks other than the one in which they are deposited. They are directly indicative of the volume of trade and expenditure. Increasing bank clearings mean expanding trade, and *vice versa*. It is, however, to be borne in mind that in times of great speculative activity in the stock market bank clearings are swelled by the checks drawn for the securities bought and sold, and that this business is not always indicative of commercial activity, though it generally presages it.

From the foregoing it will be seen that it is almost impossible to say exactly how the paper should be read or the recorded facts interpreted.

The extent to which our conclusions are governed by our preconceptions is shown by

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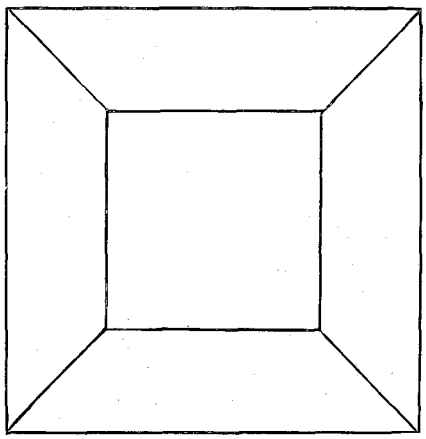
the following diagram, taken from an old qook on mental philosophy:



Here are twelve straight lines. They may be considered as suggestive of a truncated pyramid standing on its base, of a mortar trough, of a beveled mirror, of a picture-frame, of a lamp shade, of a transparent glass cube, of a design for the flooring of a room or the decoration of a ceiling, of the roof of a house with sloping eaves, and of many other commonplace things. Depending upon the idea previously suggested to the mind of the observer, these twelve lines may be regarded as descriptive of more than a hundred different objects.

So it is with the figures reported in the newspapers. Even if they are correct, we are prone to misinterpret them, because the wish is father to inaccurate thought and observation.

It is said that there are three degrees of untruth, "lies, damn lies, and statistics," and that "figures can be made to prove anything."

Some legal authorities maintain that circumstantial evidence is more reliable than direct proof, and it is well to bear this in mind in reading the papers.

The things that are most important in their bearing upon the commercial and financial future are not all to be found on the financial page.

In the United States, where the people spend $250,000,000 a year for soda water, $300,000,000 for moving pictures, $30,000,000 for chewing gum, $750,000,000 for tobacco, and no one knows how much more for other unnecessary things—in such a country the difference between good times and hard times is mainly psychological.

Our wealth is so great and our productive power so immense that we can hardly fail to be prosperous if we are cheerfully industrious.

Happiness and unhappiness are, after all, chiefly states of mind, and our periods of business depression are mainly due to the National melancholia which supervenes when the National extravagance is checked.

Then, like every spendthrift, we try to blame our self-made troubles on some one else and proceed to work ourselves into a terrible state of mind over the misconduct of the Government or the mistaken policies of some political party.

Although the evils of which we complain are mainly imaginary, the effect upon expenditure is very real, and business becomes dull until something occurs to convince people that they are not as badly off as they thought.

Then the tide turns and business booms again. It is more important that those who would be foresighted should be able to discern this sentimental action and reaction than that they should be encyclopædias of financial facts.

For this reason, all the paper should be read, and not only the financial page. Pope said that "the proper study of mankind is man," and an increase in the number of marriages is, for instance, probably more important as an indication of prosperity than an increase in bank clearings.

The political news is especially important. Periods of political unrest rarely coincide with business activity, for a people who are justly or unjustly dissatisfied with their government are not likely to be constructively busy.

One reason for the present commercial complacency is that the ingrowing tendency of the American political mind has been temporarily arrested by a contemplation of the distress in Europe, and most of us have concluded that we have a pretty good government, after all.

The volume of commercial advertising is another very important indication of business conditions and prospects. Advertising has now become a science, and the men who direct the advertising policies of American merchandising are shrewd commercial psychologists upon whose judgment of the future great reliance may be placed.

There are many other things reflected in the mirror which the daily paper holds up to life each morning that may be scrutinized with profit, but the important thing is to

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correlate them properly. No rule for doing this can be given.

Diagnosis is the most difficult department of medical science, and a great diagnostician, who is also a great teacher, is continually telling his students to "make allowance for the patient's illusions and self-deception, and take time to observe and examine everything."

No better rule could be formulated for those who would correctly interpret the symptoms of the body commercial or say whether the financial mechanism which serves it is functioning properly.

But we must pass on to a question asked by another correspondent. Mr. W. A. Corre, of Ormond, Florida, inquires

Why So Many Merchants Fail, and requests that I should analyze the causes of their failure. He alludes to the statement frequently made that over ninety per cent of all those who start in business come to grief, and suggests that I should point out how this high rate of financial mortality can be reduced.

For answer, I would say that there is no dependable evidence that ninety per cent of those who start in business do fail.

Mr. Corre attributes this statement to Bradstreet's, but they do not confirm it. The financial mortality among the traders with small capital is no doubt large, but the statistics are defective and unreliable. Among merchants with large capital, say $50,000 and over, the percentage of failures is certainly not ninety per cent or anything like it. Moreover, a great many men fail who subsequently recover themselves, and temporary embarrassment is often a salutary experience that improves the judgment and makes for permanent success.

Few children learn to walk without falling, and no general can expect to win every battle.

When failure is permanent, it is generally due to laziness or thoughtlessness, the chief causes of mediocrity in every department of life.

The French have a saying that "he who fails in business is a poor bookkeeper," and it is a Danish maxim that "the eye of the master fattens the cattle."

Taken together, these proverbs explain most business failures. The unsuccessful business man has generally trusted too much to his subordinates, and has either failed to keep his books at all or has kept them so that they deceived himself and others as to his true condition.

It requires no little moral courage to keep books correctly. To use addition and subtraction instead of hope; to charge off bad debts, depreciation, and worthless stocks, instead of carrying them as available assets; to include accrued interest and unpaid expenses as debits, and omit treating unrealized profits as credits—is exceedingly difficult, especially when the year has been a bad one and the temptation to make a good showing is severe.

I once asked a professional accountant of wide experience what was the most frequent cause of commercial failure. He replied: "Hopeful inventories."

I cannot improve upon this explanation. Most business men who have any desire to succeed fail because they refuse to admit reverses, and so, deceiving themselves, lose the confidence of others.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Mr. F. W. Abel, of Owego, New York, asks some questions concerning

Convertible Bonds that give me an opportunity to comment briefly upon the growing popularity of this form of investment. A convertible bond is a corporate obligation bearing a fixed rate of interest, generally secured by mortgage, and convertible into the stock of the same corporation at the option of the holder.

Upon making such conversion the owner surrenders his security and his guarantee of a fixed return upon his investment.

The convertibility is not, therefore, an advantage unless there is reason to believe that the stock will go substantially above par. The convertible bond is a security that has been devised for those who would "eat their cake and keep it too," and it has been humorously described by a New York bank president as "an investment for a man who has promised his wife not to speculate in stocks." There are fashions in bonds as well as in frocks, but it is doubtful whether the present preference in favor of "convertibles" is entirely warranted.

In the first place, an option of this sort is generally given by way of compensating for some deficiency in the security of the obligation.

In the second, all growing corporations, especially railways, are constantly in want of new money, and it is obviously to their advantage to raise it by issuing stock instead of bonds whenever the stock can be sold substantially above par. There is therefore

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little chance for the holder of a convertible bond who converts to sell the stock received at any very great profit. The corporation itself is likely to be ahead of him with a new stock issue.

For these reasons, it is to be doubted whether the present demand for convertible bonds will outlast the advancing tendency of the stock market, and, since those who convert must sell the stock received well above par in order to profit by their action, they should be careful not to let any one get ahead of them in taking advantage of an opportunity that is essentially speculative.

The last question that space permits me to reply to in this issue is rather pathetic. It is from a correspondent who shall be nameless.

He asks me to protest against

The Discrimination in Favor of Young Men

and the difficulty that those who are over fifty find in getting employment.

I wish that I might say something that would convince those who habitually refuse to employ a man because he is no longer young of the injustice and short-sightedness of their policy.

I have often thought that it was the expression of a paternal desire to "bring up young men."

Certainly the men who bear the heaviest responsibilities of the world to-day, from Wilson, Joffre, Asquith, and Kitchener down, are well over fifty.

The corporations are chiefly responsible for the barrier which has been erected against men over fifty years old; but, for the most part, the heads of these corporations are themselves well past the meridian of life, and their rule is a negation of their own efficiency.

I appeal to them to give their contemporaries a chance, for there are many men of fifty and over to-day out of work who are the superiors of youth in accuracy, judgment, and dependability. For such, unemployment is a denial of hope that hastens death and makes existence, while it lasts, a hell on earth.

MORE NEW NOVELS

THE historian of the future who tries to get on intimate terms with the second decade of the twentieth century will find himself in a very confused world and a very promiscuous society. Here and there he will come upon the remains of an older and more stable social order, but he will discover that these archaic survivals are almost as fragmentary as the ruins of Palmyra.

If he reads Mr. Galsworthy, he will get the fine flavor of the university atmosphere and education which gave the old order its distinction of tone and manner in England and America, but he will soon be aware that the charm of that training, the fine quality of that intellectual civilization, emphasize the passing of the ideals which were the soul of it. Mr. Galsworthy does not lament the breaking up of the old order; he does not exploit the changes which are transforming the face of society; but he brings his readers face to face with the conditions which made the break-up inevitable.

Mr. Wells, on the other hand, sounds the advance of a new order in clarion tones. He is farther from the Victorian age than from "the spacious days of great Elizabeth." He is a brilliant man, as lacking in reverence as Mr. Shaw, but not so audaciously witty; he has so completely emerged from the old order that he seems never to have had any contact with it. The future historian will find him immensely suggestive of the confusions of a great transition and of invaluable assistance in studying the conflicting moods and daring experiments of a society which has cut loose from its old moorings and is seeking ports not reported by the old maps, through seas very imperfectly charted by the earlier navigators.

In none of the aforesaid historian's many books of fiction and of speculation on peace and war, the new order in society and politics, will he find a more notable and suggestive reflection of the endeavor of the age to define its new aims than in "The Research Magnificent,"[1] the story of William Porphyry Benham, "the man who was led into adventure by an idea." The idea which possessed this man was the necessity laid upon him "to live life nobly and thoroughly." He called this ideal of life aristocratic, not in the social but in the spiritual sense; the sense of clearness and intensity, getting out of individual existence "a flame, a jewel, a splendor." This new aristocracy, Benham believed, is the necessary

[1] The Research Magnificent. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

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next step for humanity; the rectification of the materialistic tendency of modern democracy, its cowardice in the face of danger and discipline, its fear of the opinion of the crowd.

To get rid of fear is, therefore, the first step toward this ideal of an ordered, high-keyed, individual life. To Benham society was full of "planless, indeterminate lives, plebeian lives, mere lives;" he believes there is a better individual and a better public life than this "muddle about us." The modern world has come to think that painlessness and freedom from danger are ultimate ends. "It is fear-haunted, it is troubled by thoughts of pain and death, which it has never met except as well-guarded children meet these things, in exaggerated and untestable forms, in the menagerie or in nightmares."

The story of the quest takes the reader through many vicissitudes. At the start Benham thinks the goal will be found around the corner, but it recedes as he advances; it takes him over the earth and ends in South Africa.

The story is a kind of prose "Faust," and Benham finds the end of his quest, as did Faust, not in a solution of the problem, but in doing something for others. As he reads this able book the future historian will understand something of the ferment through which society is passing.

"The Research Magnificent" is the record of the quest of a final ideal for humanity; it is a parable in terms of concrete living. "The Song of the Lark" [1] is the story of the unfolding of a great natural talent, the pursuit of a vocation from limited conditions to freedom of opportunity and expression. A Swedish girl, born in a frontier mining town, has a gift for music which is recognized by two or three friends while it is still a blind instinct with her. She is a crude, repressed, unhappy nature in a community which does not help her to understand herself, and therefore keeps her tongue-tied and rebellious. The story of her childhood is told in great detail; her first serious education in Chicago is described, as is her later and broader training in Germany. Her final success is blurred by too great elaboration of the conditions under which the singer must win popularity. The title is not justified by Thea Kronberg's character and career. She has a great gift, and she rises above adverse conditions and sings her song; but the aerial joy of the lark is not in her. She fights her way to the upper air, but her ascent is not a "winged victory;" it is a resolute, stubborn achievement.

Miss Cather has written two broadly contrasted stories of unusual quality—"Alexander's Bridge" and "O Pioneers." The latter is admirable in a freedom which does not sacrifice solidity of construction. "The Song of the Lark" shows ample ability, but it is too long and too heavily burdened with details which direct the reader from the song to the cage from which the singer finally escapes.

It is the fashion of the hour among some of the younger English novelists quietly to ignore the Decalogue and treat it as if it were no longer existent. This is not only a moral but an artistic blunder; life loses depth and dramatic interest when broken laws no longer charge it with the tragic power which gives "The Scarlet Letter," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Anna Karénina" their deep and compelling interest. This is the great defect in some of Mr. Wells's stories. The fact that Thea's adventure in Mexico leaves so little impression on her nature confirms the sense of something hard and stony in that nature.

The quest of expression is developed with a lighter touch in "The Crown of Life," [1] a story written in a gay and brilliant style, but in a serious spirit. A girl of the most modern type, gay, insolent, daring, able, and independent, sets out to follow the primrose path of pleasure with a reckless disregard of the fine traditions of her gently bred New England ancestors and of the monitions of her friends. She has that supreme confidence in her own judgment and her ability to "take care of herself"—to quote a significant American phrase—which is the weakness of immaturity; she has love affairs in Boston which bring her to the verge of scandal, and she ventures with the boldness of ignorance on the dangerous sea of Paris, where she is saved from shipwreck by a lucky accident rather than by a sound instinct or a clear head.

A great humiliation fortunately brings her to herself, and a thorough and heart-cleansing facing of her folly and danger brings out the real woman in her.

Mr. Gordon Arthur Smith is an accomplished and finished story-teller, with a dash of originality in his matter and manner; he has imagination and wit, and he has a normal sense of moral values.

[1] The Song of the Lark. By Willa Sibert Cather. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.35.

[1] The Crown of Life. By Gordon Arthur Smith. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.35.

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BY THE WAY

"No sadder phrase was ever uttered than 'What's the use?'" says the "American Printer" in describing the attitude of some elderly workmen toward new ideas in their own trade. Not septuagenarians either were these men—only about forty; and, says this optimistic journal, "forty years of age is not the time to quit, but really is the time to fight harder than ever."

The "London letter" of the "Club Journal" says that the armored automobile is falling into disuse. The roads in the countries where the conflicts are being fought are so broken up by shell holes and the passage of heavy artillery that they are no longer practicable for the weighty armored car.

Chicago's railways have spent $75,000,000, a railway journal states, in eliminating grade crossings. Accidents have largely diminished as a result. At the same time street accidents due to vehicles have largely increased. On a certain boulevard, it is stated, there is only one crossing in three miles where the pedestrian is protected from the continuous traffic. The hazards of pedestrianism in our great cities may yet necessitate elevated or depressed street-crossings at points of congestion.

Two big steamships, the Kroonland and the Finland, are to be converted from coal burners to oil burners. This will be a highly profitable change, $9,000 being the expected saving on fuel and $3,500 on wages of firemen on each round trip of each ship. In addition, the removal of coal bunkers will permit the carrying of 1,500 additional tons of cargo, at a profit of $25,000 a ship for each trip at present freight rates.

"I am not accustomed to the language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during the war." These words, attributed by the "Woman's World" to Abraham Lincoln, were uttered in praise of women of a past generation; are they not equally apposite in the present world-struggle?

The Brooklyn "Eagle" claims to be the largest newspaper in the United States. For some time its issues have averaged twenty-eight pages every day. There are some big papers in the West, the land of big things. Can any of them beat this record of the "Eagle"?

Louise Héritte Viardot in her book entitled "Memories and Adventures" relates an amusing story of the artist Gustave Doré, illustrating his incurable addiction to gambling. He came to her father at Baden-Baden to borrow some money, as he had lost everything. "My dear friend," said her father, "I won't give you a penny. But I will buy you a ticket to Paris." Doré accepted the offer, and the two went to the railway station. The ticket was bought and Doré put on the train. In the evening the artist was found again at the Baden-Baden gambling tables! He had left the train, sold his ticket, and gone back to try his luck again.

Why do steamers catch fire, as a rule, only on their voyages to America from Europe, and not on the outward trip? "Shipping Illustrated" says that cases of total destruction by fire of outward-bound vessels are exceedingly rare—that of the steamer Athenai, just burned, being one of these rare cases. On the other hand, it instances the destruction by fire of the St. Cuthbert in 1908, the Lord Londonderry in 1909, the West Point in 1910, the Volturno in 1913, and the Columbian in 1914—all when coming to our shores.

A Hungarian daily paper has, according to a letter in the "Christian Register," the suggestive title "A Nap." This means in English "The Day." We are not informed whether the reader gets his "Nap" in the morning or the evening.

The Canadians, remarks a writer in a journal devoted to motoring, are quietly building a Coast-to-Coast highway which they expect will put any existing transcontinental motor route in the United States to shame. The same writer says that at present a transcontinental motor trip on United States highways is a strenuous "stunt" rather than a pleasure trip.

"Policeman McNulty, two blocks away, was told that a priest was being beaten. When he arrived at the scene, he found the information all wrong. Father McGrath had both men down. He was sitting on one and the other was pleading, 'Please don't hit me again.'" The militant priest is known as "Fighting Father" McGrath of the Seaman's Mission in New York City, and he had rescued a sailor who had been attacked late at night by two thugs on the river front.

The Turkish people, like most others, are of "mingled yarn" and have their virtues as well as their faults. Writing about a visit in a Turkish home just before the war, an Englishwoman, Miss Grace Ellison, says, "In no other land have I met with such lavish hospitality. . . . It is the custom, too, for the master of the house to pay all the visitor's bills. That I should have proposed to stamp my own letters hurt my friends." The Turkish bath-room is described as an improvement on the western European one, for it is "a marble basin like a fountain," enabling the bather to wash always in running water instead of in a vessel more or less soiled by immersion.

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